

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY AS I KNEW HIM" 11 11

BY SENATOR M. A. HANNA

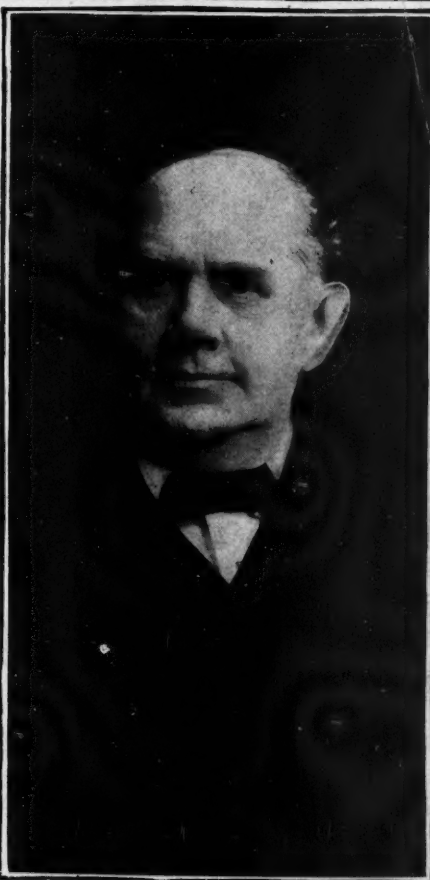
JANUARY

FIRST OF A SERIES OF PERSONAL
PAPERS TO RUN DURING THE YEAR

10 CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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MELLIN'S FOOD



AWARDED THE
GOLD MEDAL
AT THE
PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO. 1901

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BOSTON.

THE PRESIDENT OUT FOR A RIDE ON HIS FAVORITE SADDLE HORSE. THE OTHER GENTLEMEN IN THE PICTURE ARE SECRETARIES WILSON AND HITCHCOCK AND GENERAL CORBIN
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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS CABINET

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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JANUARY, 1902

No. 4



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

BECAUSE he has a friendly interest in "The National Magazine"—reads it and likes its purpose, as the late President McKinley did—Senator Marcus A.

Hanna has consented to write for "The National" during 1902 a series of personal papers, which might be grouped under the title, "William McKinley as I Knew Him." The friendship that subsisted between William McKinley and Mark Hanna has become historic. It makes one of the happiest chapters in the story of these times. It emphasizes that wise fidelity which is the basis of strong manhood. Each man gave the other of his best

because of the love they had for each other—and there was always absolute confidence between them. We are more than happy to be able to announce that

Senator Hanna has chosen "The National" as his medium through which to tell the people the story of that friendship. That it will be a story of absorbing human interest none may doubt, and few will fail to read it both with pleasure and with profit. Meantime plans for the McKinley memorial at Canton are moving forward.

The various subscription lists and other contributions all over the country are mounting up rapidly.

SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA, VICE-PRESIDENT OF
THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL COMMISSION



AS early as 10 o'clock the senators made their morning pilgrimage to the White House with delegations of various sorts and descriptions. Senator Proctor, gracious and gallant, guides a half dozen ladies with rustling skirts; Senator Depew—alone—but beaming; Senator Knute Nelson, stern and rigid, with his fur overcoat stowed carefully away on the floor in the corner (there are no hat racks in the White House); Senator Fairbanks towering and smiling, with that kindly face that always wins friends; Senator Mason cracking his latest joke. Senator Platt is shown to the window corner nearest the cabinet room door, where he waits in patience until the rush is over. The President goes about the room church social fashion with a hearty greeting for all, and talks so that everyone can hear him—until he comes to Senator Cullom and then he whispers in mock gravity. This is a pleasant retort to Senator Cullom's criticism that the President would not indulge in the good old-fashioned "political whisper." When he gave the stage whisper to the distinguished senior senator from Illinois everyone smiled—they saw the point.

THIS rush never seems to tire the President; and in all the hurry and confusion Secretary Cortelyou continues his work, watching events and keeping the stenographers going, with an eye on the accumulating mass of correspondence. Senator Quarles comes with

his delegation of Ute Indians and the President breaks the stolid expression on the faces of the red men by an expression of hearty appreciation of the Indians who served with him in the army. Senator Beveridge in his hearty way cares for a group of constituents and every one has a cordial handshake.

In the most informal way, the President extends his invitations to luncheon and dinner and rushes to the door to impress Senator Spooner with the fact that lunch is at 1:30 p. m.

Senator Stewart with his patriarchal air takes a chair and waits. The congressmen usually follow the senators and the demands of handshaking and greeting are tactfully met. "Men of high character" iterates and reiterates the President, on the subject of appointments.

A day in the life of the President is growing ever more exacting. But after luncheon the curtain falls and at 3:30 he

starts for his daily exercise either on foot or horseback. The hour was changed from 4 p. m. owing to the curious throng of clerks that would gather to "see him off," rushing toward the White House as quickly as possible after the 4 o'clock bell had tapped.

WHEN I rode down from the Capitol in a street car with Senator Platt of New York and talked with him face to face, I confirmed a feeling that William Allen White of Kansas had made

PAYNE WHITNEY OF NEW YORK



the mistake of his life in his article on Senator Platt, published in "McClure's Magazine" for December. The article reeks with sensational inuendo, is splenetic and altogether the utterance of a mind distorted by provincial prejudice. When a writer goes out of his way to satirize savagely the youth of a public man—and especially such things as his first literary efforts, his singing in the village church choir, and his altogether worthy aspirations—he takes a course which cannot win the commendation of fair-minded readers. And when he adds to this the foul breath of scandal, without offering a scintilla of evidence to support his base insinuations, he violates the most primary instincts of decency. Senator Platt's most implacable political foes in senate and house shared the indignation of his friends. They have watched Mr. White's work hitherto with growing admiration for his genuine ability and are at a loss to account for the manner in which he lost his head in "analyzing" the career of the senator from New York.

THE first act of congress signed by President Roosevelt was a joint resolution allowing the free importation of goods to be exhibited at the South Carolina and West Indian Exposition in Charleston. This bill was reported favorably by Senator Depew, who undeniably has a penchant for expositions; he visited Charleston in person to look into the matter and give the exposition a modest "little boom of a boost," as Senator Tillman gratefully remarked.

SENATOR FRYE is an ideal presiding officer, but as he rattled off in official monotone the routine reference of bills I fancied I saw a thrill of fighting spirit put new meaning into the voice of the old senate war horse when the

MISS HELEN HAY, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE
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Miss Hay is to be married to Mr. Payne Whitney, of New York, on February 6, in the Church of the Covenant, Washington. The bride to be is one of the loveliest, as she is one of the most gifted, young women of the National Capitol. Inheriting her father's poetic gift, she has published two volumes of verse, and her contributions are welcomed by the foremost literary magazines. The uncle for whom Mr. Whitney was named gives him a yacht for a wedding present, and the young couple will spend next summer cruising. They will pass the first month of their honeymoon at Thomasville, Georgia.



Ship Subsidy bill was referred to his committee on commerce. The word subsidy seems to be the great sticker for western members, who want the subsidy, if any, on tonnage and not in speed of vessels. This view overlooks the vital

factor in building up foreign commerce. "A quicker trip can now be made to South America via Europe than direct, and that explains why American trade has been falling off with all of the Latin-American countries during the past year," said an old time exporter waiting in the marble room to pay his respects to Senator Cullom.

"If you collected a five cent fare from each one of us you'd have a pile of money."

"Oh, well, you all pay for it just the same," was the reply.

Well, that does account in a way for the budget of \$600,000,000 a year required to run the government, and the

MISS FLORENCE GREGG CHAPMAN OF WASHINGTON

Photo by Buck

PETITIONS, no matter how long or whose names appear thereupon, do not appear to be the popular way of reaching the presidential ear these days. Roosevelt has very little of the traditional awe for the signed petition. The political practice of signing petitions and of writing subsequent letters to nullify the petitioner's signature has exploded this good old-fashioned way of voicing sentiment.

STRAIGHT as an arrow, with his hands behind him, Congressman Littlefield walks to the Capitol and back again. He spurns even the alluring five cent fare and goes to work with vim. He is very sanguine over the new subsidy bill and told me that he felt confident that it would pass. It is likely that the fine eloquence of the Pine Tree state will be represented in the debate on this measure by the sparkling statesman from Bath, with its memories of Enoch Arden. When Littlefield talks he has something to say.

AS the elevator boy (aged 68) was taking up crowded cargoes of visitors to the House gallery the other day a kindly-faced old man with his hat off remarked:

"billion dollar congress" is now merely a common every day necessity. The growth and development of the country is indexed in the improvements at the Capitol during the summer. Fourteen new committee rooms were added to the house side and fourteen to the senate, utilizing the space heretofore taken up by the library and document rooms.



With mahogany doors and furniture, hand-painted walls and ceiling, rich carpets and furnishings that suggest a prosperous business corporation, Uncle Sam has kept right up with the procession. The architect directly in charge, Mr. Elliott Wood, modestly blushes as he

mahogany and shoe nails stamp the handsome polished surface. It may be well to add that no member has yet attempted to carve his initials in his desk top, in the good old district school fashion, as a good many men now famous were in the habit of doing.

MRS. RONALD RANDOLPH FAIRFAX, *nee* EARLY, A GRAND-NIECE OF GENERAL JUBAL EARLY Photo by Buck



hears the kindly comment from congressmen and visitors. It is a triumph of good taste and cash and the \$100,000 in repairs has been well expended. It required a few weeks for some of the new members to become thoroughly accustomed to the new furnishings, and it made Architect Wood grit his teeth to see cigar stumps burn the handsome

IN the crypt directly under the dome of the Capitol, where General Washington desired to be buried, are stored the old seats of the senate and the house. It looks like an auction sale. The seats brought \$1.50 each, which is likely the lowest price ever paid for a senatorial seat. There has been a great demand for these seats as household and family relics. Blaine's desk is claimed by over a score who have purchased, and there is no telling how many times the desks of Webster, Calhoun and Clay may turn up in household legends hereafter.

MISS COCKRELL, one of the fairest daughters of Missouri—a state famous, like Kentucky, for the beauty of its women—has been chosen the central figure at the launching of the great battleship "Missouri." This monarch among sea-fighters takes the water at Newport News, Va., on December 28. The builders are the

Newport News Shipbuilding Company, and the contract price of hull and machinery alone is \$2,899,000. A large sum, representing the wages of nearly 2,000,000 men for one day; yet Uncle Sam is determined to have a fighting navy worthy his rank among the great powers of the world, powerful enough to protect the great peace navy which he

MISS MARION COCKRELL, OF MISSOURI

Photo by Clinedinst

Miss Cockrell, who is the daughter of the junior Senator from Missouri, was chosen to christen the battleship "Missouri," at Newport News, Dec. 28. She is as popular, both in Warrensburg, her home, and in Washington, as she is beautiful—and there are few handsomer women.



means again to create. He counts well spent whatever sums go to this use, and the people generally agree with him. Chief Constructor Bowles gives "The

**CAPTAIN LEISON BRADMAN, OF THE
U. S. MARINE CORPS**

Captain Bradman, a Boston boy, won laurels in the volunteer service during the Spanish war and was appointed to the regulars as a reward—one of two such appointments from Massachusetts. He graduated from the Bordenstown, N. J., Military Institute in June, 1898.



"National" some facts concerning the "Missouri," which apply equally to her sister ships—odd, is it not, to characterize these bulldogs of the deep as feminine—the "Ohio" and the "Maine".

The "Missouri's" hull, which is subdivided like those of the most recent battleships, is built of steel and is unsheathed. It is 388 feet long on the loadwater line; 72 feet 2½ inches extreme breadth and at a mean draught of 23 feet 6 inches displaces 12,230 tons.

Cofferdams are built on the protective deck from the diagonal armor bulkheads to the bow and stern in the vicinity of the water line and on the berth deck for nearly the length of the vessel. All of these cofferdams are filled with corn-pith cellulose, so that the western farm

contributes to the making of the ship as well as to paying for it.

A new feature introduced in the offensive power of this ship is the submerged torpedo tube. While submerged torpedo tubes are not new abroad, German warships having been equipped with them for a number of years, the "Missouri" and her class are the first battleships of our navy to be supplied with

SENATOR NATHAN BAY SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA

An Ohioan whose millions were made in glass and banking at Wheeling, where he settled after the Civil War. He is a leading spirit in the Republican National Committee and influential in the Senate.



them, though prior to her construction many vessels of the United States navy were fitted with torpedo tubes above the

SENATOR JOHN PERCIVAL JONES OF NEVADA

Though Senator Jones is a leader of the silver party, he lives on Gold Hill when at home, so retaining popularity with both great political factions. He was born in England, but went to Ohio as early as possible and got his schooling there. He settled in Nevada in 1867, and has represented his state in the Senate since 1873.



water line. The "Missouri" will have two of these tubes, one on each side of the vessel situated about fifty feet from the bow and about ten feet six inches below the water line.

The "Missouri" and her class are the first battleships of the United States navy in which water-tube boilers were provided. Steam for the propelling ma-

chinery is supplied by water-tube boilers of the Thornycroft type placed in four water-tight compartments. The collective indicated horse power of the main engines with their air and circulating is about 16,000 when the vessel is making a speed of eighteen knots. The "Georgia" class are designed to have a speed of 19 knots, the swiftest afloat.

The construction of the "Ohio" and her class was authorized by congress on May 4, 1898, when the Spanish war demonstrated the wisdom of a much greater increase of the navy. The keel was laid on April 22, 1899.

STILL THE SAME "TEDDY"--HUMAN AND HEARTY



MISS KNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL



THERE was an interesting wedding in Washington recently, when Mr. Ronald Randolph Fairfax, a near relative of the present Lord Fairfax of Virginia and New York, was united in marriage with Miss Annie Ridge Early, a grand niece of General Jubal Early. Lord Fairfax has recently returned from England, where he was accorded all the honors and privileges of a member of the House of Lords, although born and reared an American citizen. It is interesting to know that the Fairfax peerage, which was created in 1627, has been continued on this side of the Atlantic. Lord Fairfax is probably the only American who has been a member of the British parliament. His ancestor inherited 6,000,000 acres of land in Virginia, and this was the inducement that brought him to America in the eighteenth century.

THE absence of sectional feeling between North and South was never more marked than in the correspondence which passed between Senator Daniels and President McKinley with reference

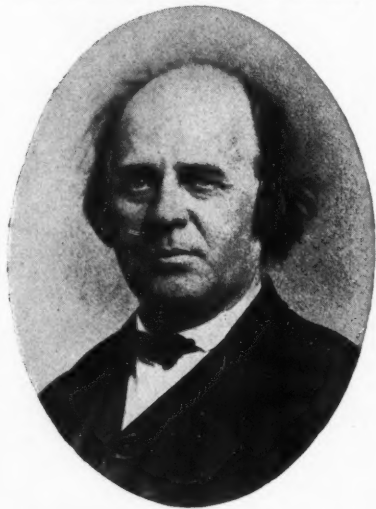
to the restoration of relics of George Washington, now at the Smithsonian institute, which were taken from the Arlington mansion when occupied by General Robert E. Lee during the war. Miss Mary Custis Lee, his sister, is now in possession of the relics, and the graceful manner in which the letter was written by President McKinley insisting that the relics while in the government possession were simply a public trust and never considered as spoils of war, was characteristic of the man. His closing words were: "It gives me great satisfaction to give instructions for the restoration to the present head of the family of these cherished heirlooms of the Father of His Country."

CLAD in lavender gloves, slightly stooped, but prim and precise as a

JAMES A. SAXTON, FATHER OF MRS. MCKINLEY



MRS. J. A. SAXTON, MOTHER OF MRS. MCKINLEY



diplomat should be, Third Assistant Secretary of State Adee recently ushered in the representatives of foreign governments as they called to pay their respects to the President. They march in with a stately tread and all that is lacking is the music of Mendelssohn to make it

a sort of wedding—or rather welding ceremony of international interests.

The day I was there the Peruvian minister called with a number of distinguished citizens. The hearty hand grasp and cordial greeting from President Roosevelt left upon them a well defined impression of the American way of doing things.

APROPOS of the discussion in reference to the improvements at the White House, it is not generally known

"MOTHER" MC KINLEY, WHO LIVED TO SEE HER SON BECOME FAMOUS



that there is no elevator in the executive mansion, and everyone who desires to see the President is compelled to climb a tall flight of stairs. How America, so emblematic of improvements in other directions, could allow such a state of affairs to continue and compel such venerable senators as Morgan and Hoar to climb these stairs, arriving at the top almost breathless, to be announced to the presence of the chief executive, is one of those dainty everyday inconsistencies of life. The day I was there,

Senator Morgan came up with two bulky paper bound volumes under his arm. After climbing the stairs he sat down breathlessly at the doorkeeper's

"FATHER" MC KINLEY, WHOSE EXAMPLE AND TRAINING DID MUCH TO INSPIRE THE CAREER OF HIS GREAT SON



desk in a snug corner, and made notations with a pencil on the cover of the books. From there he went directly over to the state department and delivered another copy, showing that he believes in the good old way of doing things—by doing them himself. No messenger could be entrusted to see that the documents and even innocent looking reports should go directly into the hands of the proper persons. Senators Morgan's keen bright eye has all the flush and fire of youth, and the opponents of his Nicaraguan canal project have in him a foeman worthy of their steel. He has made it the one great object of his life, and feels confident that the coming session of congress will bring to a successful conclusion the great work of his notable public career. He is indeed the grand old man of the South.

ONE of the latest subjects of interest at the state department in Washington is the result of the experiments for fighting hail storms with cannon. One of our consuls in France has reported that with two cannon the experimenters fought off an average sized hail storm with gun powder. It is reported that if the weather were hot and they saw the hail cloud forming, they made preparation to break it. If the cloud moved rapidly toward them its direction was changed or the movement stopped by firing, the result being a copious fall of rain. In places where great loss has been incurred from hail storms, it was

JAMES G. BLAINE, THE FATHER OF THE
PAN-AMERICAN RECIPROCITY MOVEMENT



reported that one cannon could protect seventy-five acres; and now Secretary Wilson has grimly thought of making demands upon the war department for well disciplined artillerymen to be stationed on every quarter section of American farm land. One report from France states that an alliance has been formed by the grape growers to purchase cannon for the war against hail next summer. These experiments are of special interest to the wheat growers of our western states who suffer vast losses from hail storms. It is only a few years ago that 2,000 cannon were engaged in cloud shooting in Italy; the number has now reached almost fifteen thousand, and the Italian government has officially recognized the efficacy of the cannon in the protection of the agricultural interests, especially to the grape growers, to the extent of furnishing powder for this purpose at three cents per pound. The subject is not altogether as ludicrous as it may appear on the surface, although it has been facetiously remarked that Congressman "Joe" Cannon of Illinois, the watch dog of the house, will be placed in charge of the cannon appropriation for the agricultural department the coming year by Speaker Henderson. It has been suggested that it might be well to utilize in this way the numerous useless but ornamental cannon in the parks and boulevards, setting them the task of saluting the hail clouds ere they have time to start on their disastrous journeys over the waving fields of the West; and cannons would be better employed shooting hail clouds than mowing down human beings.

MAJOR GENERAL FITZHUGH
LEE recently called on the President. It was not long ago that Colonel Roosevelt applied for a position on General Lee's staff at the com-

mencement of the Spanish-American War. General Lee's call on President Roosevelt shows the American way of reversing things.

As the distinguished Southerner came out, he cordially greeted Captain Loeffler, the veteran doorkeeper at the White House. Some few years prior to the Civil War, during a desperate brush with the Indians, on the plains of the West, the then private Loeffler saved the life of young Lee, who was a lieutenant in Colonel Robert E. Lee's regiment.

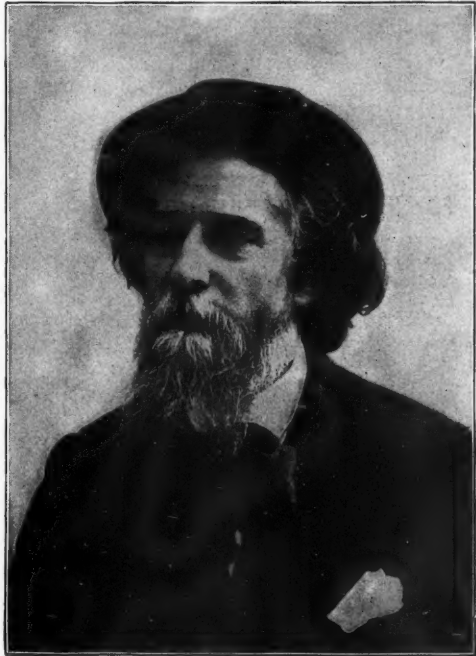
General Lee is somewhat below medium height, but has the dignified bearing of the Southern cavalier.

THE St. Louis World's Exhibition of 1903 will commemorate one of President Jefferson's most far-seeing and diplomatic acts, the Louisiana Purchase, which added to the area of the thirteen states an immense and most valuable territory. There has been some disagreement in the past regarding the exact extent of this unprecedented real estate transaction, some writers contending that the limit extended to the Pacific. But if it only included the entire western watershed of the Mississippi from the Minnesota source to the gulf and westward as far as the Rocky Mountain ranges, it now embraces the states of Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Nebraska, the two Dakotas and Montana, part of the states of Minnesota, Colorado and Wyoming, and the Indian and Oklahoma territories, having an area of 1,170,000 square miles and a present population of 15,000,000—just what the great tract cost in dollars.

IT will be difficult to discover a congressman during the winter session who has not been or is not going to the Philippines. The interest in insular questions has been intensified through the fact that many of the congressmen have

ALPHONSE DAUDET,

whose "Monday Tales" and "Letters From My Mill" have just been reissued in two volumes by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston.



been East and studied the situation. A congressman who recently returned from a Pacific tour, talking in the shadows of the Treasury Building, insisted that hemp occupies first place in the products of the islands. It requires three years to start a hemp plantation on new soil, and the insects which are a curse to other crops, do not trouble the hemp product. Hemp plantations earn \$15 per acre, while lands suitable for these plantations can be purchased in some of the southern islands for about \$2 per acre. About 700 plants, the number

grown on an acre, cost \$40 and the regular farming outfit about \$5,000. Advances are made to planters on the outfit, to be paid for when the first crop is harvested. In short, the Philippines promise well for the investment of capital, but the outlook is none too bright for the man who goes there without money; and few Americans can endure the rigors of the tropic climate during certain portions of the year.

It is always interesting on Tuesdays and Fridays to watch the approach of the President's official family to the White House. Secretary Long is

SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA,

a great orator and a very gallant gentleman, giving a cordial greeting to a friend.



usually the first to arrive, with his little green bag, and always with a pleasant

SENATOR BARD OF CALIFORNIA

When at home he keeps busy with his investments in wharves, warehouses, banks, oil wells, farms, sheep and other things. He is a native Pennsylvanian and has resided in California since 1864.



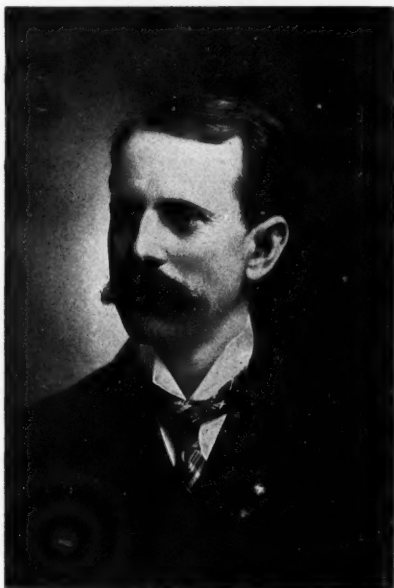
greeting to the newspaper reporters, who stand at the top of the flight of stairs, near a window, industriously tying knots in the curtain strings, suggestive of the knotty problems which they are called upon to solve in connection with the eminent statesmen who pass by. Up to this writing, there are 144 knots in one curtain string, and it is predicted that, if the attendance on the second floor of the White House continues at the present

rate, several curtain strings will be well decorated with knots.

Attorney-General Knox always comes in with his arms full of papers and his head filled with legal opinions, but never too busy for a cordial greeting. Secretary Wilson occasioned comment with his newly trimmed beard and fresh haircut done according to the most scientific methods in vogue at the agricultural de-

CHARLES K. LUSH, AUTHOR OF "THE AUTOCRATS"

Mr. Lush is a brilliant western newspaper man, for many years on the staff of the *Chicago Record*, now editor of one of the leading dailies of Wisconsin.



partment. In fact, it suggested somewhat the fad among the young girls now to bob their hair, leaving great folds very thick at the neck, tapering to the top of the head. Postmaster-General Smith and Secretary Hitchcock come along in a leisurely, dignified manner. Precedent has never fixed what number shall constitute a quorum for a cabinet meeting, and meetings are frequently held with but three or four members present. There is no more enthusiastic and active

MME. DE MARGERIE, WIFE OF THE NEW FIRST SECRETARY OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY



member of the distinguished official family than the President himself. He

M. DE MARGERIE, THE NEW FIRST SECRETARY OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON



never lacks interest in the smallest detail of his official duties.

SENATOR FRYE of Maine came to the White House the other day, removed his hat and laid it down with his "Sarah Gamp" umbrella, which he carries as a gavel as chairman of the commerce committee, and entered the reception room. He approached in the manner of one deeply absorbed in thought. A little later appeared Mr. Dietrich, the newly elected senator from Nebraska, a smooth shaven man, carrying a handsome hat for a massive head, and a gold headed cane—in fact the very essence of senatorial dignity. He awaited his turn with statesman-like patience. As Senator Frye came out, still meditating upon his talk with the President, Senator Dietrich entered. The stately senator from Maine unconsciously picked up the Nebraska senator's cha-

peau and gold headed cane and walked away, failing to note the fact that Senator Dietrich's hat was much too large

CAPTAIN ARTHUR MC GRAY, A BOSTON EXPORT AGENT, FORMERLY A WELL-KNOWN NAVIGATOR



JOHN A. KASSON, U. S. RECIPROCITY COMMISSIONER



for him and settled down snugly over his ears; he walked down the circling White House path oblivious of all else but merchant marine and how the fish are biting in Maine. It was truly an amusing sight; but the climax was reached when Senator Dietrich came out from the President's room and looked for his hat and cane. They could not be found. The messengers flew about excitedly. He tried on the hat of the Maine senator, but it perched on the back of his head like Tommy Atkins' bonnet. When it was found that Senator Frye's hat could not be made to fit, a substitute was hunted up in the way of a snugly fitting

white hat, and the Western senator, who had entered a few moments before the very personification of dignity, departed with the little white hat perched on his brow, and Senator Frye's "Sarah Gamp" umbrella in his hand. There is a movement on foot now to provide a hat rack and umbrella stand at the White House.

"PUT it in writing"—that appears to be one of the rules for dispatching public business in these days. It follows the trend of conducting corporation affairs, and while it may serve business ends it eliminates the best there is in everyday life. A business man or an editor would soon become printified or petrified if he tried to conduct all his affairs in "writing." At best, the printed form is cold, and I have heard of prominent editors who longed to transmit what they have to say face to face with individuals, instead of trying to see mirrored and mute in the blank white pages, the audience whom they are addressing.

The traditional yellow telegram is no longer in favor at the White House. White paper and old English text printed in blue ink carry all official messages. The cipher codes for the state and army and navy departments are as fascinating as a puzzle, but the petitions and personal requests made of the President are often

quite as mystifying in their general import.

THE repairs at the Capitol have been more extensive than ever before. An entire new floor has been put in the House of Representatives and the soft-toned green carpet lends a mildness to the scene which the lurid red carpet did not provide. The system of ventilation has been so radically improved that it is to be hoped it will make the historic Capitol a more healthful habitation.

JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY, FROM "A JAPANESE MISCELLANY," BY LAFCADIO HEARN *Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.*



Official Society, Past and Present

A Resume of Social Customs and Events at Washington Since Its Foundation

By CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

IN 1800 the National Capital was the laughing stock of all Europe. To-day it is considered the most beautiful city on the globe.

As the National Capital of those far off yesterdays contrasts with that of to-day, so its early social customs differ from those of the present. Society was pro-

vincial then; it is cosmopolitan now. As gradually as our national growth have we built a social code. The people have been taught that democracy is not mobocracy; that liberty is not license; that social laws are as necessary for order as the laws of the country, and that, if we want the whole world to respect us as a nation, we must hedge ourselves with dignity.

Since the time of Washington it has been understood that the President is the head of society as well as commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

The title, "First Lady of the Land," has always been conferred on the mistress of the White House. The annals of Washington society are found in the history of the White House, so thither we go for light on the past.

The first President held receptions on New Year's Day and it was not to be supposed that John Adams would abolish the custom when he took his place in the White House. His wife, Abigail, while harkening to the clamor for a New Year levee, lifted up her hands in dismay at the prospect. A half-finished house, barely furnished, not enough dips to light it, or fuel to warm it, and yet a reception must be held! In a room on the

MISS ESTELLE HEMPSTEAD MANNING OF WASHINGTON

Miss Manning is the author of "Hafiz," a novel soon to be published by the Neale Publishing Co. She is a social favorite, a brilliant conversationalist and a writer of real promise.



upper floor, she and her husband stood that first of January, 1801, receiving the members of congress, the judiciary, the slender diplomatic corps and "the people," to say nothing of the ladies of Washington and neighboring Maryland and Virginia, who were really at the bottom of this untimely affair. This was the beginning. Until March, when the Adamses shook the red mud of Washington from their feet, they did the honors of the White House—giving receptions and dinners that tickled the pride and the palate of the city, while, it was whispered, John Adams regaled himself and family in private, on tea and oat cakes for breakfast and lemonade and oat cakes for lunch.

Jefferson abhorred levees. To the supplications of his two married daughters and Mrs. Madison, who assisted him socially, he replied that he would hold the usual New Year's and Independence Day receptions, give the prescribed state dinners, but would not entertain officially otherwise. The ladies were despondent. Not so the gentlemen, who enjoyed a good dinner prepared by a French cook. Those Jeffersonian dinners delighted the most ardent epicure, and small wonder, for Jefferson did the marketing down at the old Marsh Market, where canvasback ducks were purchased for a shilling apiece, and the finest oysters, fish and game in the world, comparatively cheap. Office seekers were not so numerous then as now, and it often happened that when one came to plead his case he was asked to dine. On

one occasion the secretary of state yielded his seat near the fire to a cold arrival whom the President urged to join

MRS. KNOX, WIFE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL



the feast. How tenaciously officials cling to their seats now-a-days! What social wars there have been on the question of precedence!

The ladies of that era passed the time in visiting, holding afternoon socials, at which bread and tea were the refreshments, and occasionally attending assemblies in Alexandria and Baltimore. The journey to the latter city was adventurous, to say the least. The roads were certain to be either sticky with mud, littered with broken trees, heavy with dust, or swollen by freshets. Georgetown, now known as West Washington,

was then the social centre. The greater part of the government officials lived there amongst the "first families." It was a weary jaunt from the Capitol to the White House and a dreary jaunt from the White House to Georgetown, but as these three places were the attractions of the District, the rutty links were gotten over in some fashion or another.

It has been charged that Jefferson banished courtly laws and introduced shambling manners. When the Madisons took his place they sought to establish the old order of affairs. The White House was gay with dances, dinners, levees and garden parties. Some unkind diplomat has recorded Mistress Dolly's dinners as being more like harvest home suppers than affairs of state. There certainly was a home-like air about Mrs. Madison's affairs. It was dur-

ing the Madison *regime* that the custom of making calls at private houses on New Year's Day was inaugurated at the Capital. It still survives there, in spite of the fact that other social centres have voted it plebeian.

During the last twelve years of her life, Mrs. Madison lived in Washington. On New Year's Day the crowd that went to the Executive Mansion afterward called on her, to be entertained with witty conversation, interspersed with sighs for "the days that are no more."

The Monroes brought to the Capital many innovations. Up to this period the ladies of the White House dutifully returned all calls made upon them. Not by cards, but in stiff carriages over abominable roads. Mrs. Monroe established a precedence in claiming that the First Lady of the Land should not be expected to return any calls. This

DRAWING ROOM IN THE WASHINGTON RESIDENCE OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX, FORMERLY THE HOME OF MRS. GEORGE W. CHILDS

Photo by Clinedinst



decree is in force to-day, and is not likely to be changed.

The season of 1825 was remarkable for

Quincy had the reputation for starched courtesy, and consequently the pair was not popular in a broad sense.

DINING ROOM IN THE WASHINGTON RESIDENCE OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX

Photo by Clinedinst



the number of notables at the Capital. The last New Year's reception given by the Monroes was attended by Lafayette, his son, George Washington Lafayette, Otis, of Boston, Clay, Webster, Everett, Calhoun, General Jackson and many others.

Four of the first five Presidents were Southerners. When, for a second time, a Northerner took the chair, resident society looked doubtful. In those days, and until the late forties, congressmen left their families at home. Consequently the majority of the fair sex mustered from the District and neighboring Maryland and Virginia. Mrs. Adams had lived abroad many years and was considered a haughty woman. John

In 1828 the East Room was announced ready for entertainments. It had taken the young republic over a quarter of a century to complete its court room.

Jackson's reign is associated with the merriest, maddest scenes the White House has ever known. The fame of his plebeian suppers bids fair to rival Washington's little hatchet. While his guests smoked costly cigars he blew whiffs from his corn cob pipe, whittled by his own hand. His lavish entertainments ate deep inroads in his salary, and it was his constant worry that his cotton crop would fail and leave him unable to meet his expenses. The impression prevails that the whole of his term was one of social disorder. This is incorrect

At his second inaugural banquet, when the public ran riot, thrust him from the table in their eagerness to get the best to be had, and pushed his dearest friends aside, he exclaimed:

"Well, this is the first time I have known a man to be thrust from his own table. It shan't happen again."

Poor Jackson! At the Biblical limit of life, with but nineteen dollars saved

first year he gave but two entertainments. The cabinet families, disheartened, followed his retiring example. Society at large dozed, to wake only when congress adjourned to witness the dancing of Fanny Ellser. On New Year's Day, 1839, when Van Buren's son and his bride stood up to receive the public, the ladies of Washington thanked their stars that a woman had come to manage the

LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON RESIDENCE OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX Photo by Clivedinst



from his eight years' salary, he returned hom, with nothing to look forward to and much to look back on.

During the reign of "Martin the First" the press complained and the public grumbled. He was condemned for abolishing the custom of feeding the public on New Year's and Independence Days, and for trying to keep the White House clean. He was called a stupid host who cared nothing for society. During his

social side of the Presidential mansion.

Harrison dying a month after his inauguration, Tyler—that man of chance—succeeded him. Tyler was made governor of Virginia by the death of the executive; senator by death of a senator-elect, and Death put him in the Presidential chair. His wife, being an invalid, his daughter-in-law took her place. She was a beautiful woman who never, as she expressed herself to a friend, got

used to being the First Lady. She tells of one state dinner: she, the only woman present, felt like crying with confusion, what with the awesome presence of so many diplomats and statesmen, and the fact that messages were coming at intervals from the nursery notifying her that her baby was crying and needed her!

The resident portion of the city were now contributing largely to the entertainment. Assemblies were held in the City Assembly Rooms; dinners were given for distinguished visitors, and New York, Boston and Philadelphia were regarding the young city with jealous eyes.

The press announcing the presence of Dickens and Irving at one of the White House receptions called forth a mighty army of lion viewers. Over three thousand crowded into the East Room at one time, and it was with difficulty the President could shake hands.

The first Mrs. Tyler died in 1842. In 1844 the second Mrs. Tyler, formerly a Miss Gardiner of New York, came to the White House. She inaugurated the custom of introductions at the door during receptions, issued cards for levees, broke several customs, and bound the White House with red tape, shutting out the undesirable.

The Polks were of the old school. Their reign was quiet and dignified, broken only by the return of the heroes from the Mexican war, when high and low vied in honoring them.

Zachary Taylor, that grim old warrior, informing the social set at the capital that for more than a quarter of a century

"AMERICAN LABOR"

the substantial foundation of official society. Drawn for "The National Magazine" by J. H. Appleton.



his house had been a tent and his home the battlefield, turned the social question to his married daughter, Betty Bliss. Mrs. Taylor, being an invalid, rarely appeared in society. Four months admin-

istration and Taylor died. The Fillmores, who came next to the White House, were a scholarly pair, who entertained on the lines of the French salon. Fillmore, the first President to entertain his father in the White House, gave a reception on that occasion, and all Washington was made happy in shaking hands with the father of a President.

During the Pierce administration the political struggles dimmed the social horizon. Mrs. Pierce, being an invalid, entertained very little. Washington felt the recent loss of those three great men, Clay, Webster and Calhoun. Society seemed to brood, as though waiting for something to happen. Buchanan's administration was the last of a people and the end of a period never to return. Those careless, brilliant, happy days before the Civil war, what romance is hidden there! The power of the South had been unquestionable. It contributed largely to the brain, beauty and wealth of the official circles. With the abolition of slavery the crash came. Buchanan's administration saw the cheerful children of the South shake the dust of

Washington from their feet, and move on to Richmond or to their stately homes.

While not fond of society, Abraham Lincoln was a lover of humanity. No other President received so many visitors. But, oh, the sad errands on which many of them came! As far as possible the official program for entertaining was carried out. But many a feast was spoiled by news of defeat; many an occasion darkened by fears for the safety of the Capital. President Lincoln discontinued giving state dinners, at the instance of Mrs. Lincoln, who urged that they were a great deal of expense, and that receptions were more democratic.

The New Year's and Independence Day receptions were held all during the war, excepting the year of Willie Lincoln's death. The last New Year's reception, 1865, was the most brilliant given by Lincoln. The Confederacy was tottering. Every one felt it would not last till the summer. What wonder that the White House was thronged with thousands who came to shake the hand of the "grim sentinel" and hope that his

coming administration would be a peaceful one. That spring and summer of 1865 is a nightmare remembrance to those living then at the Capital. When the victorious army marched up the Avenue in May there were more tears than cheers, more sighs than smiles.

By the first of January, 1866, society began to breathe again. President Johnson, assisted by his two married daughters, Mesdames Patterson and Stover, held a New Year's reception. The White House was shabby, money was scarce, but with the Southern woman's aptitude for

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND

"Twilight," a painting by A. Bryan Wall of Pittsburg; bought by Mr. Carnegie for \$1,000 and presented to the wife of the only living ex-President, by way of reciprocating Mr. Cleveland's favor shown in delivering the Founder's Day address at the sixth Carnegie Exhibition.

Courtesy of the 'Pittsburg Index'



making the best of things, those two women banished the injured furniture from the reception rooms, covered the worn carpet with linen, massed flowers in bare nooks, and made the scene home-

ton. It was a good place to settle, and during the latter part of Grant's administration many fine homes were erected. The new capital, the imposing city, began in the early seventies.

MISS BLANCHE RUSSELL OF WASHINGTON



like by turning their little children into the great East room to mingle with the younger callers.

The Grants, living in the mansion presented to the General by the people, outshone the White House in the number and character of their entertainments.

A new element came to Washing-

ton. Hayes' administration was the actual reconstruction period. He withdrew United States troops from the Southern states, banished the obnoxious carpet-bagger governors, and drew back to the Capital many charming Southerners who had turned their backs on it in 1860. The social functions were characterized

by refinement, though many scoffed at the President's temperance principles. Garfield's short administration was much like Hayes'. President Arthur, a charming host, true gentleman, and great business man, had a cabinet of similar character. The better class of New York society came to Washington during his term. Many of them built homes which they still occupy during the social season. The administrations of Cleveland and that of Harrison are fresh in the public mind.

At this writing it is with sadness we recall the administration of President McKinley. No other President was so widely loved, admired and respected. Though his administration was crowded with work that made world-wide changes, he found time to draw the public close to him and to give society what it demanded. To one who has witnessed him greet thousands of his countrymen, in

the great East room, with the same cordiality as he did his dearest friends,

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

Mr. Cortelyou is one of the most considerate, as he is one of the busiest of men. Few personages at Washington have shown more force and executive ability than the secretary to the president, who is one of the trustees of the McKinley estate.



it is almost physical pain to recall that it was thus — with enthusiasm lighting his fine eyes, welcoming words on his smiling lips, the outstretched hand of goodfellowship — that he met his fate! We recall, too, with admiration, the manner in which his gentle wife met her social obligations. It was the wonder of those who knew her physical condition.

As the political world has firm faith that President Roosevelt will be a worthy successor of the great man whose politics he pledges himself to follow, so the social world extends warm wishes to him and his interesting family and predicts that the period of their leadership in Washington will outshine all others. They are truly typical Americans of the best sort.

THE LATE PRESIDENT AT HIS DESK IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

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William McKinley as I Knew Him

The First of a Series of Personal Reminiscences of the Late President

By *SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA*

IT is something over thirty years ago that I first knew William McKinley, a young practicing attorney at Canton, Ohio. Strange as it may seem, I cannot recall the exact time or place when I first met him. I know that it was early in the seventies, and I have a recollection of being strangely attracted to the quiet and methodical lawyer. Our acquaintance was somewhat closer after his election to congress and in some way I always felt a personal interest in his contests from time to time. Our acquaintanceship was a simple growth of friendship. His splendid work in the cause of Protection as a congressman further attracted me. This was even before he had reached prominence in congress as a member of the ways and means committee. I never thought of the possibility at that time of his becoming a candidate for the presidency, and was not especially active in politics except insofar as exercising my influence in the interests of the Republican party. Our first association politically was in 1880, when Ohio took a prominent part in the campaign in which Garfield was elected. In 1884 William McKinley was elected delegate at large to the Republican National Convention, and I was another delegate. McKinley was an enthusiastic supporter of Blaine, and I was for John Sherman, and we contested the delegation vigorously for our men. In the national convention of 1888 we were present again as delegates, but this time we were both pledged for John Sherman, and it was at this time he made the famous speech which I felt destined him as a marked man, for president.

Even before this our friendship had seemed to grow into something more than that of ordinary personal or political associates. Somehow I felt for him an affection that cannot be explained, and it was at this convention that I gained an insight into the unselfish, unfaltering loyalty which William McKinley gave to every cause he espoused.

During that convention we occupied the same rooms and were in conference day and night as to the best ways and means to bring about the nomination of John Sherman, Ohio's grand old man.

I sat by McKinley's side when he eloquently demanded that his name be withdrawn for his own honor's sake, and history records that he did withdraw it.

It was in the convention of 1888 that William McKinley developed into a positive national force. Blaine and Sherman had been in their full vigor in 1884, and I had the clear impression from that time that every turn of the wheel brought McKinley into the full measure of his merited prominence. It was after a very hot day during the Chicago convention that General Ben Butterworth, Major McKinley and myself sat at a table talking over the events of the day. The delegates had brought forward his name. McKinley took a telegraph blank from the table, and during the moments of silence, wrote down some memorable words. He passed it to me with the remark:

"If this thing is repeated to-morrow, that is what I am going to say."

"I am here as one of the chosen representatives from my state. I am here by resolution of the Republican Convention, cast without one dissenting vote, commanding me to vote for John Sherman, and use every worthy endeavor for his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter, spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their vote for me. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me, I cannot remain silent with honor. I cannot consistently with the credit of the state whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me, I cannot with honorable fidelity to John Sherman, who has trusted me in his cause and with his confidence, I cannot consistently with my own views of my personal integrity, consent or seem to consent to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do, to say, or to permit to be done that which could ever be ground for anyone to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio, or my devotion to the chief of her choice, and the chief of mine. I do request, I demand, that no delegate who would not cast reflections on me should cast a ballot for me."

His name was brought forward the following day. Pleading loyal allegiance to John Sherman, he uttered with all the deep sincerity of the man, a declaration that will live in all political history. It reveals the true loyalty and unselfishness of the man, and won for him friends and supporters who afterward joined their hands in making him president.

He was always, from his earliest political career, such a willing worker that when I remonstrated with him, he would laughingly remark, "A good soldier must always be ready for duty."

His utterances in that convention are the best index to his character that I know of, and displayed in him those rare qualities of manhood which con-

vinced me that he was destined to become a great power in national politics. And here, for the first time, it occurred to me that he was a logical candidate for the presidency in years to come. I was with him in 1892 at Minneapolis, and as it will be remembered, the demand from the people for McKinley as a candidate was even more outspoken and seemingly irresistible than at the previous convention. The situation was such that it would have been an easy matter for him to have spoken and won the entire support of the Blaine men, to say nothing of his many admirers among those pledged for Harrison. At this time, it was evident to even the most casual observer that sooner or later he would be placed in that high position for which his talent and particular abilities qualified him.

The demonstration at Minneapolis convinced me that, although it was an impolitic thing for his interests to nominate him there, that in the next national convention the popular demand for his candidacy would override all opposition.

The condition of the country that followed the election of 1892 so clearly defined him as the one man of all others in public life to lead the Republican party, that I felt that his nomination was assured.

As early as 1894 I began to feel the pulse of the people; that is, the rank and file, business men, laboring men, traveling men and manufacturers, to learn how far the sentiment for McKinley had taken hold. It required only the opportunity for the people of the northern states to express their sentiment on the subject, and the result at St. Louis justified the expectations of his friends and admirers, and gave proof of the correctness of their judgment in believing him to be the one man who fitted the situation and insured the success of the party.

In the management of the campaign which followed, I was made to appreciate how much McKinley's strong and noble personality contributed to its success. How eminently serviceable was the part which he took in meeting on his porch at Canton the people who came in throngs and thousands to greet him, no one can estimate. He not only impressed them by the earnestness and sincerity of his speeches and the wisdom of his words, but there was always present the genial personality of the man that quickly won admiration and respect from every one with whom he came into contact. No committee organization could have furnished this great attribute of personal strength, which was so necessary to the success of the ticket, and none other than such a personality could have inspired individuals in all parts of the country to do their utmost in every way to secure his election. His entire and complete confidence in those who were conducting the affairs of the campaign stimulated them to their utmost efforts, inspiring in them a desire to show their appreciation of this confidence and trust in them. I don't believe that any other political campaign in the history of the Republican party ever demonstrated such a growing interest and enthusiasm,

and above all confidence, in the personality of the candidate, which continued to grow and increase from the opening of the campaign to the great climax of Flag Day, which marked an epoch in the campaign of 1896.

It must also be remembered that his supporters were not confined to those who had hitherto always been identified with the Republican party. The others who joined us in the contest for the principles on which McKinley stood were equally enthusiastic in their admiration of the man.

The country knows to-day how well he has filled the expectations of all those who supported him. In the earlier days of 1896, confronted as we were by unexpected developments in the silver question; four years of depression and an industrial paralysis which resulted disastrously to all classes; when those who were suffering were looking for relief, and the proposition was made for free and unlimited coinage of silver, on the plea that the expansion of the circulating medium would make better times—under such conditions it is not strange that we found in the Republican ranks an uncertainty as to what course to pursue. It became evident that the work before us was a campaign of education of great magnitude, the results of which must necessarily be slow to accomplish.

If there were any dark days in the campaign, it was during the earlier weeks of the work. It was at that time that William McKinley in his conversation with us showed his buoyant spirit and his strong faith in the common people of the country, believing that they would meet and solve the question right, and endorse the principles which were to bring relief to all. He insisted that all that was necessary was to make them understand the cause and effect of the principles advocated by both parties.

It was during the middle stage of the campaign that the results coming in indicated that the people were reading, thinking and determining conclusions for themselves. They were beginning to see where their interests were at stake. All this was the confirmation of William McKinley's faith in the people, and it was a joy of his heart to feel that he could read aright the signs of the times and that the end would justify his faith in the final judgment of the people.

His victory was greater in its triumphal faith of the people in him than merely in the choice of himself as president of the United States. This was the subject that in after years we often talked about, and it was a beautiful thing to me to see how much he realized and appreciated the confidence which had come to him as a result of his abiding faith in the people. If there had been no other motive, this was the great incentive for him to use all the power and talent with which he had been endowed to give the people in return for their confidence his best life work. And he consecrated the best efforts of his life to fulfill their expectations.

My associations with him during the years of executive life gave me further opportunity to appreciate as I never had before, the great reserve force which he possessed. He seems to have met every emergency, and the unusual problems and annoying complications of the times, in a masterful way. These conditions furnished the opportunity for him to demonstrate his enormous talent and ability for successfully solving every problem, rising to the full measure of every situation, and overcoming all obstacles.

And then the summing of it all in that beautiful death, which was so characteristic of his career, is one almost unequalled in history. He has won the admiration, love and respect of all classes of his own people, and of all nations.

There was one phrase used when we first opened the campaign for him in 1895 that seemed to fit the situation, and that was the claim that he was the "logical candidate." In the first place, he marked out for himself a distinctive political career. He had spent every energy and used every effort in all his public service for the highest and best interests of his people, inspired always by patriotic impulse, with a sincerity never questioned. His election to an office always meant more than the mere gratification of a selfish political ambition. He said to me once—and I cite it here to show that his ambitions never sprang from selfish motives—in speaking about some of the methods adopted in contests for the nomination, "There are some things, Mark, I would not do and cannot do, even to become President of the United States," and it was my impression at that time that he himself had little thought or idea that he would ever be nominated for president.

A great deal has been said about his proverbial good nature. He had that, and in addition to that an unequalled equipoise in every emergency. In all my career, in business and in politics, I have never known a man so self-contained. He always acted deliberately, and his judgments were always weighed carefully, although there were times when his heart impulses would respond quickly, without apparently the slightest delay. In all those thirty years of close relations, I never saw him in a passion, never heard him utter one word of what I would call resentment, tinged with bitterness, toward a living person. This was again reflected in the story of the assassination told by Mr. Milburn, who said that he could never forget the picture in the expression of his countenance as he glanced toward the dastard assassin. In his eyes read the words as plain as language could express it, "Why should you do this?" And then when the assassin was hurled to the ground, when the fury and indignation of the people had begun to assert itself, he said with almost saintly compassion:

"Don't let them hurt him."

I know of nothing in all history that can compare with the splendid climax and ending of this noble life. One of the sweetest consolations that come to me is

the memory that on Tuesday, preceeding his death, he asked to see a newspaper, and when he was told, "Not to-day," he asked, "Is Mark here?"

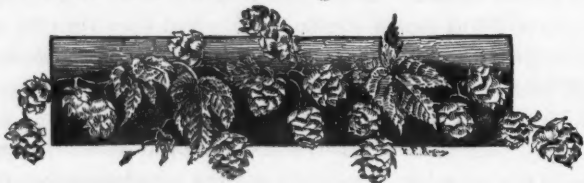
"Yes, Mr. President," was the response, and in that one sweet last remembrance was a rich reward for the years of devotion which it had always been my pleasure to give him.

It is difficult for me to express the extent of the love and respect which I, in common with many others, felt for him personally. The feeling was the outgrowth of an appreciation of his noble, self-sacrificing nature. My affection for him and faith and confidence in him always seemed to be reciprocated, to the extent that there was never an unpleasant word passed between us, and the history of his administration, his cabinet, and his associations with public men, so entirely free from intrigue or base selfishness, I think will be a splendid example to the youth of the coming generations. There was nothing in the expression of his face or manner denoting exultation over his victory when it was announced that he was elected president. He seemed to realize fully the sacred responsibilities placed upon him, and the quiet dignity and self-possession which marked the man then and in days after were just what his personal friends expected of him. The first day I greeted him after he was inaugurated at the White House, in the course of our conversation, I inadvertently called him "Major" and "Governor," and when I stopped to correct myself, he would say, "Each one is fitting; I'm not particular which."

We were both of Scotch-Irish descent, but opposites in disposition. He was of a more direct descent than I, but it is thought from our dispositions that he had the Scotch and I had the Irish of the combination.

(Next paper in the February number.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—The foregoing is the initial article of a series in which Senator Hanna will review the career of William McKinley. There will be papers dealing with the personal traits of the late President; the part he bore in the discussion of the tariff and money questions; his preferences in literature, music and the other fine arts as these were revealed to his friends; his personal attitude toward the great new national problems that became of first importance during his presidency,—these and other phases of the work and characteristics of the best beloved of all the American presidents. Every American is glad to pay a tribute of regard and sorrow to his name who was lately called from his earthly task to other spheres; no one, probably, is so well equipped as Senator Hanna to reveal in action those qualities of mind and character which made William McKinley what he was. There has been no other such historic friendship in American politics as that which these two great and loyal-hearted men gave to each other and which the survivor fittingly commemorates in these papers.]



Little Novels

Without Romance

"**AND** so you wish to make a fool of yourself!" I remark.

"Yes sir," answers Dick, cheerfully.

Dick is my nephew, a graceless young rascal much as I was at his age. That is why I like him so well, and forgive his never-ending peccadilloes. But now he talks of getting married: the young idiot. I won't endure it, and I tell him so, out loud.

"I wouldn't shout," he remarks calmly, "or the janitor will be ringing in the fire alarm."

Now unless I return to the beginning I shall be telling this story backward like a Chinese puzzle. As a matter of fact, I am living, at present, in bachelor apartments, where woman is tabooed, and all is peace. My health is good—physically, mentally, and financially; and as I never talk politics, discuss religion nor read Kipling, I rarely lose my temper. About the only trouble I know is that of keeping Dick in the straight and narrow path of bachelor independence. He is such a confoundedly good looking and popular youngster that I fear he may be snapped up by some snip of a girl—especially as it is known that I intend leaving him a pot of money.

"As for women," I resume, lighting a fresh cigar, "you know my objections well enough."

"Objections be hanged," retorts Dick, who likes me, but doesn't care a rap about my money. That's why he'll get it.

"You object to women on sentimental grounds," he continues, "but sentiment sways the world. It helped Columbus discover America, landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth rock, enabled us to thrash the British—"

"I've been to school," I interrupt, "so don't rake up ancient history. If you are sappy enough to marry, it means goodbye to our little whist parties, chafing dish suppers, quiet smokes and all the rest of it. You would get bills and duns instead of *billet doux*, and then, *then*, the mother-in-law! Ever think of her?"

"Frequently," answers Dick. She is a charming widow on the right side of forty. Just the woman you should marry."

This is adding insult to injury. I glare with speechless indignation, but Dick goes on, easily. "You are forty-four, Uncle Jack, and it really is time for you to marry and settle down. Dolly's mother, like Dolly herself, doesn't object to cigars, nor chafing dish suppers. And, moreover, she can play whist," he adds, as if that clinched matters.

"Oh yes, she plays whist no doubt," I say. "Trumps her partner's ace, leads from a short suit and plays second hand high."

"She does nothing of the kind," retorts Dick loyally; "she plays as good a game as you."

That is the last straw. After all the years that I've given to the game; it's heretical. I walk out of the room to avoid an explosion, leaving Dick smiling like an amiable cheshire cat.

I am not a woman hater: far from it. I revere the sex generally. I admire them in the abstract. But I was jilted once, and want no more of it. Perhaps it was my fault in a way, for I had something of a temper twenty years ago. Anyhow, Molly and I parted in the orthodox manner—she going abroad in tears, and I to the oil country in profanity, where I gathered in some wealth. Hang the money! Molly was a beauty, and I was

a fool. I hear Dick go out, whistling softly, and I go to bed.

The next afternoon, while crossing Fifth Avenue, I observe my nephew sauntering along in that easy, masterful way of his, as if he owned all the United States, with a part of New Jersey thrown in for good measure. There is a young lady beside him; and as they turn to cross the street I see her face. Molly for a million! I am so thoroughly dumbfounded that I stop and stare like a rustic. There is a sudden whir behind me. Dick gives a warning shout and then, after hearing one sharp crash, I pass into dreamland.

When I return to earth again I discover that I am in a strange room and in considerable pain. I am conscious, too, that some one is there beside me, even before I hear her inquire anxiously: "Are you sure, doctor, that he is out of danger?"

"Certainly, my dear madame," is the answer, "especially as he has been in no danger whatever."

I recognize the voice. It is that brute Ramsay's, who chummed with me at Yale, confound him!

"No danger?" says the other, and I remember that voice, too. It has not changed at all in twenty years.

"Not the least," answers Ramsay. Much he knows about it. I'm certain that I'm half dead.

"If you had seen him," continues the doctor, "as I have, smashing through the line in a game of football, with a half score of husky barbarians piling all over him, you would have thought that the automobile which knocked him down was the thing to be pitied."

She laughs softly at this, in that old, familiar way, and then says: "I am so glad. When they brought him here—the accident happened almost in front of the house, you know—and I saw him so white and still, I was terribly frightened. You don't suppose that he is injured in-

ternally?" There is a delightful tremor in her voice.

"Not a bit of it," replies Ramsey. "The only danger will be if he sees you when he recovers."

"Why?" There is anxiety and wonder in the question.

"Oh," is the careless answer, "he is such a confirmed woman hater." I could have strangled the fellow. Then Dick appears, and seeing that I am myself again, he explains that Mrs. Gaylor is Dolly's mother. He also makes some remarks intimating that I managed to be knocked down there so that I might be brought to her house—then hastily retreats under a bombardment of pillows and fragmentary language.

But when I am up and dressed—for I won't stay in bed because of such trifles as a broken head and a sprained ankle—then Mrs. Gaylor comes in and we talk things over. It is very prosaic and all that—not a bit of romance, you understand.

I am an invalid longer than I expected. I don't want to have a relapse, you know. And when I am fully recovered I shall—well, at least I shall not renew the lease of my bachelor apartments.

Charles Townsend

Medallion Row

IN plain English it is called Adam's Court, but the tenants who inhabit the great sombre red brick piles call it Medallion Row. From the day Marie Cavours arrived in La Belle France with a small fortune in good American dollars, hordes of small dealers from the shores of Brittany found their way thither. Marie was anxious to promote the welfare of her countrymen, she knew no better place than Adam's court, and she advertised it well.

"Ah! zat is ze place to sell flowers, bouquets of flowers. Pictures! Ah, oui!

zey buy pictures more zan we do in Paris. And dresses for le ball masque, ah, such dresses! And medallions? Oui, more in one day, Monsieur, zan in one month in Brittany."

So Monsieur Rodellec set sail from Brest to the Paradise of medallions. What Marie had said was true. No longer did he sleep on a bed of straw where the great fat rats whisked playfully past his ear. No longer did Guen, his beautiful Guen, pose as the model for these painter men. No more did she smoke la cigarette. Her feet, ah! such small feet — reproductions of which graced the walls of many a slave of the brush — were now encased in dainty shoes, and her dress, it was the latest from Madame Rivier's. Madame had parlors in Medallion Row, but the fashion was genuine New York, no borrowed whim of the gay Parisienne. Monsieur Rodellec was no longer of Brittany; he was a citizen of the Great Republic, and shouted "Vive la Republic!" not because a dollar weighs heavier than a franc, but because he was happy; he had Guen, and poverty had melted in Medallion Row.

He sold flowers, paper flowers, medallions, masks and tinsels, and all the other glittering things. Guen was his saleslady. Dressed as La Trilby before the Svengali influence, she flitted behind the counters, always bright and humming, and she sold more in a day than Monsieur and his assistants in a week. Her customers were mostly young men, and when Guen tried on the mask and looked through the eye holes with her sparkling orbs they always bought; they could not refuse. Occasionally a customer would stop and stare at her.

"What a beauty. Where have I seen her? Ah! Paris? Yes. La Grive in the Salon. Bah! These French are so much alike."

And he would go away with a mask or tinsel and not ask the question.

Guen had offers by the score to go to balls, but she always refused.

"Non, Monsieur," she would say with a smile, "I dance not. You would call me wallflower, you Americans. Non, I could not stand that." And she would draw herself up with mock dignity.

Dance! she could turn the heads of New York if she chose. Two years before, on the boards of Le Hippodome, she had held her countrymen spellbound. She had danced away the cares of thousands, but she was dancing for one. In the pauses, her eyes would sweep the vast assemblage with a careless hauteur, whilst her heart was beating in an ecstasy of joy. He was there, and he smiled approvingly.

One night, ah, mon Dieu! How well she remembered it; the glare of the lights; the sea of human faces; that woman in crimson in the private box, bending close to him. How she hated her, with all the hatred that difference in wealth and social position can engender. Merci, Dieu! The pause was short, like a wierd fantasy she swung, she whirled, she panted, she laughed with her lips, but her heart was on fire. Swifter, swifter! The audience was enchanted, drunken with delight. In the crash of applause which followed she looked up wistfully, but his proud, firm lips curled into a smile of scorn. Her day was done. Mais, she had not forgotten Monsieur Gilbert.

One dusky December afternoon, Monsieur Rodellec was preparing Christmas novelties in the cave of toys, a paint smelling, rainbow colored corner. To hide the accumulated dust of years he was tacking cheesecloth, green as grass, to the ceiling rafters hoary with spider webs. Perched high on a flat-topped ladder, beside a swinging crimson lantern, Guen was handing up tacks and manoeuvring the light for Monsieur, when the door swung open, and a man, iron gray and furrowed before his time, stopped

in the entrance to the cave. He stood a moment, his handsome profile a mere silhouette against the bright tinsel outside. Suddenly, as he moved forward, the light dispelled the shadow on his face. Dieu! How she trembled. The clock among the paper flowers was ticking loudly, but the beating of her heart and the shell-like murmur in her ears seemed to drown the sound. She swayed and turned dizzy, clinging to the curtain as she edged it over to screen herself; his eyes looked everywhere.

Monsieur Rodellec had not heard the stranger enter, he had been busy with the hammer. Now, he was turning in an edge to strengthen the tack hold on the flimsy stuff, and all was quiet.

Undecided, the stranger stepped into the cave, and looked up.

"Guen!" he gasped, surprise and emotion showing plainly where he had boasted they were seldom seen.

"Hush!" she breathed, glancing timidly out toward the string of hideous, grinning masks.

Involuntarily his eyes followed hers.

"Go away. You will be seen," she whispered.

"Guen, do you think I care?" he answered impulsively, and throwing discretion to the winds, began to ascend the ladder.

"Guen, my darling Guen, I haven't painted worth a cent since you left. I can do nothing. Therese is no model. Her figure is good, but her face!" and he shrugged his shoulders, a trick he had learned in the Quartier. "I tried to paint your face for hers, Guen, but somehow I couldn't get it. Imagination was

brisk enough, but it wouldn't stay. You'll come back with me, Guen. Won't you?"

He was so close to her she felt his breath, on her face. Dieu! How her heart struggled with her. Her lips refused to repeat the black words she had conjured up as his due. He pressed closer.

"Guen!"

From experience born of dark and solitary corners he knew it was now or never. He dropped his hand on one of hers as if by accident. She looked up quickly, and he kissed her on the lips. Her eyes looked straight into his; a faint crimson flushed her cheeks and died away, but she did not move. A strange fascination had crept into her blood.

"Guen?" And there was a ring of passionate yearning in his voice.

"Continuez, Monsieur, continuez," she whispered quietly.

He divined something of mockery in the cool request and hung back a moment surveying her with a critical air. There was danger in the sparkling orbs, but his misty eyes saw only encouragement. He leaned forward to take her at her word.

Rip! The cheesecloth parted above the lamp, and a face, tinged crimson in the reflected light, peeped out.

"My wife is generous, doubtless, Monsieur, but the magistrate has set a price on kisses. Non, I remember not the sum in dollars, but we can find OUT!"

Above the warning crack of the hammer Guen's musical laugh rippled out, and Monsieur Gilbert, for it was he, scrambled down the ladder, and hurried out from Medallion Row.

Alec Bruce

Apple Blossoms

(From "Poems.")

Not apple blossoms for the old home's sake;
The hill-side farm, the orchard vista fair,
Youth, hope and mother, all my treasures there,—
Not apple blossoms, lest my heart should break.

Ernest McGaffey

Life's Fun and Philosophy

By NIXON WATERMAN

Christmas Gifts That Fit

*"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."*

THE coming Christmas will soon be a thing of the past but the Christmas present will remain a thing of the future for at least a year to come. And by the by that Christmas present brings with it a lot of puzzling questions. It is the earnest desire to solve them properly that puts the eager, almost painful expression in the just-before-Christmas face. Morning, noon and night the mind is congested with interrogation marks. "Is Cousin Lucy going to send me anything this year?" "Will Uncle Dick's gift to me be worth two cents or two dollars?" "How I wish I knew what to send my friends." "How I wish my friends knew what to send me," etc., etc. There is nothing sadder than to receive a nice gift from some one we have entirely overlooked, unless it is to send a gift to some one who entirely overlooks us. Likewise it is sad to learn that we have sent a nineteen-cent imitation of something to some one who has sent us a dollar-and forty-nine-cent genuine article of a similar kind. Somehow Christmas presents are nearly always misfits. We seldom send our friends what they want and they play even by sending us stuff we hate to give house-room. The trouble is this Christmas giving is carried on too much in the dark. Santa Claus should be interviewed in advance and sundry practical suggestions should be whispered in his ear. Already this method is pursued in some well-regulated family circles, where the husband buys the wife enough yarn for her

to make him some mittens and she buys him enough fine linen to make several aprons for herself. The children receive much needed shoes, stockings, etc., showing that Santa Claus must be a good guesser, in certain households. The introspective citizen who has observed: "I don't like to cheat or be cheated, but of the two I think I'd little rather," expresses the views of many regarding Christmas giving. We do not like to get presents without giving some in return, and we do not like to give presents without getting something like their equivalent. How shall all these Christmas woes be remedied? It is as simple as a b c. Let each person send a postal to each of his or her friends, saying: Dear Frank (or Fannie): I am thinking of sending you a Christmas gift worth about forty-nine cents (or any other amount the writer cares to name) and I wish you would be kind enough to let me know what you prefer. As I presume you will wish to send me something of about equal value in return you may send me a pickle dish (or a dozen cigars, or a bottle of cologne, or whatever is desired.) Just think how much worry and mortification could be saved were we all of us to follow this suggestion.

As things are now conducted we are walking in the dark. Is it any wonder that we stumble so often. Now we buy something, hit or miss, catch-as-catch-can, and we hurry it off to some friend, and after it is gone we're all in a shiver for fear we forgot to remove the cost mark from it. The gift we get in return is nearly always not good enough or else it is too good. There is a crying need of reform in this matter. Who will

begin it? We have shown how it might be brought about, which all must admit is quite enough for us to do.



The Apprehensive Lady

*"Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave things of the future to fate:
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.*

*If to hope overmuch is an error,
'Tis one which the wise have preferred,
And how often have hearts beat in terror,
Over evils that never occurred."*

DID you ever meet the apprehensive lady? She's the one who fears it is going to rain or she fears it isn't. She's afraid you are going to take cold or that you are too warm or that the chair in which are you sitting isn't comfortable. You feel all right and quite satisfied with yourself until the apprehensive lady suggests a score of disagreeable possibilities to you. She's afraid the baby is going to be left-handed or that his ears are going to stand out from his head, or that he will be tongue-tied or that he will grow up to be a politician or something or something. She fears that the Bunker Hill monument is going to fall, the Niagara Falls run dry, and that the tide will go out some day and never come in again. The apprehensive lady never happens to think that it may happen that things will be better than they promise. They are always going to be worse, maybe. Fortune has always been kind to her but still she is afraid to trust it. She doesn't mean to be unpleasantly surprised. She is going to anticipate trouble in all of its forms. And she looks out for others as well and points out every unhappy possibility. She means well, but she is a nuisance. However, we dare not tell her so. Maybe she will read these lines and take the hint and reform. And may be the apprehen-

sive man will do likewise. For, come to think of it, I believe there are as many of "him" as there are of "her."



Christmas Like It Used to Be

CHRISTMAS like it used to be!
That's the sight would gladden me.
Kith and kin from far and near
Joining in the Christmas cheer.
Oh, the laughing girls and boys!
Oh, the feasting and the joys!
Wouldn't it be good to see
Christmas like it used to be?

Christmas like it used to be,—
Snow a-bending bush and tree,
Bells a-jingling down the lane;
Cousins John and Jim and Jane,
Sue and Kate, and all the rest
Dressed-up in their Sunday best,
Coming to that world of glee;—
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be,—
Been a long, long time since we
Wished we'd get, with gifts to come,
You a doll and I a drum,
You a book and I a sled
Strong and swift and painted red;
Oh, that joyous jubilee—
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be.



Ah, 'tis still as fair and free
And as glad and full of truth,
To the clearer eyes of youth.
Could we only greet it through
Eyes our children's children do
In their joy-time we should see
Christmas like it used to be.



Quantity and Quality

"NOT how much but how good." In the sonnet or the sandwich, in poetry or potatoes, quality counts for much. Some of England's poet-laureates, who in their time wrote a score of

volumes of so-called poetry, are now practically unknown and unheard of. John Howard Payne's little verses, "Home, Sweet Home," which could be written easily on a postal card, will immortalize his name forever. "A little diamond is worth a mountain of glass." The size of a man's house or grounds or bank account gives us no hint regarding the size of his real riches. There are many so-called rich men who are poor and many comparatively poor men, as measured by the world's standards of wealth, who are really rich. It is impossible to accumulate a good fortune by piling up poor dollars. It has been very correctly observed that the world does not demand that we shall become great lawyers, physicians, merchants, authors or engineers, but it does require that we shall so carry ourselves through life, as to uplift and not blight our fellow men, so as to help and not hinder, so as to elevate and not degrade them. It does ask that we shall not gain riches by impoverishing those who help us to become wealthy, that our dollars shall be clean and not smirched with the guilt of trying to get ahead of our competitors by sharp practice. It demands that our wealth shall not be stained with the blood of orphans, and that we shall not lift ourselves up by tearing others down. "How to Get Rich" is not the whole story and lesson of life. "How to Get Rich Honestly," is the great commercial consideration; for only that wealth which is honestly gotten constitutes true riches. We are our brother's keeper and he is ours. We are all wonderfully interdependent. The rich man and the poor man, the president and the porter are much nearer together than many careless thinkers imagine. No one has ever yet discovered how to become truly happy by making others unhappy. No one will ever discover how to become truly conscientiously rich by willfully making others poor. The man who tries it

transgresses all the moral laws of angels and men. He shall fail. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Two Kinds of Dollars

THERE'S a difference in dollars, for some are so pure

And wholesome and big and delightful,
While others which men in their hurry procure

Are little and tarnished and frightful.
The good kind bring riches that stand for success

With honest, intelligent striving;
The others bring only that sense of distress

That comes of unmanly conniving.

'Tis the sorriest error to measure our gold
By the *number* of dollars; 'tis better
To think of their *quality*; find if they hold
A genuine joy for their getter.

For a coin that is good when we win it
aright,

With conscience and heart in our dealing,

Is only a counterfeit, pleasureless quite
To him who obtains it by stealing.

WE ought to have some originality, some individuality about us and not be so precisely like everybody else that no one will take the trouble to look at us. We should not let somebody else do our thinking for us. A shoemaker's apprentice was given a pattern of leather and enough material to cut out one hundred pieces just like it. It so happened that a hole had been cut in the pattern to hang it up by, and the apprentice, who did not believe in questioning the correctness of things as he found them, likewise cut a hole in each of the pieces of leather, which were to be used in making shoes. The world is full of politics and religions and philosophies which have been copied, holes and all, in this same blind manner.

Phases of the World's Affairs

An Unique Exposition

HAVING acknowledged, as we must, that the chief end of expositions is the education of the people reached and drawn together by them, we are not slow to grant to the "Blue Ridge and Tallulah Falls Exposition," recently held in North Georgia, a value far beyond that which a superficial estimate of its scope and character would assign.

A long, far call it is, indeed, from the great Pan-American to this little intramontane exposition. The one is an emanation, an harmonious expression of the power and progress of all the Americas, achieving Saxon and energetic Latin. Compared with this, the other is but a crass and rude attempt; yet it represents the earliest link wrought to unite a mountain-dwelling, mountain-girdled people with the outside world, which they have not hitherto known, nor been known by.

What of common nature have these two first-of-the-century fairs? Nothing, answers the hasty observer, erring as usual. On the contrary, they have two essential qualities, outranking all others: an educative purpose recognized and subserved beyond any intrusion of mere entertainment, and a fitness of form well adapted to the needs which each came to fulfill.

Those who have a right to know, frequently assert that Switzerland itself has no scenery combining the picturesque with the majestic in so perfect a measure as the Grand Chasm and Falls of the Tallulah river, which has been exuberantly described as "the Niagara of the South in the heart of the American Alps." Yet to one who stands on a ledge commanding the sheer sweep of

both Hurricane and Tempesta Falls, with their sentinel palisades lifting in straight lines a full thousand feet above, such a description can never seem exuberant: rather does he fling aside all language as inadequate.

From each commanding point in the Tallulah Highlands, one looks out across a seeming sea, wave on wave billowing dreamily off, green, gray and amethyst, in the blue distances. But these vast, unmoving waves are granite-ribbed and pine-clad; it is a sea of mountain peaks and ridges, belonging to three states, the two Carolinas and Georgia. Small wonder it is that the Cherokee Indians fought so long and fiercely for this region, intrenching themselves through generations in fastnesses impenetrable to the lowland whites, finding ample sustenance in the abounding mountain game and the easy products of fertile Nacoochee, Vale of the Evening Star, Sautee, Soque, and their sister valleys.

But the Indian long ago disappeared from Tallulah and its adjacent streams and mountains. Who succeeded the red man? A population almost as hardy, little more tutored, even less gregarious, not racially diverse from their lowland kinsmen, but so marked by peculiar traits and characteristics, unchanging like their mountains, that they have become a distinctive people. The mountaineers of the southern Appalachians are nowhere more segregated, more primitive in habits and life, less touched by the onward march of civilization, than in the fastnesses but little removed from Tallulah Falls.

In such a setting, then, with such people to be reached, drawn together, and brought into at least momentary touch

with the world of progress, it was recently proposed to hold an exposition that should show to those outside this region something of the natural resources and undeveloped wealth the section can boast, and should afford to the mountain dwellers themselves a glimpse of undreamed-of possibilities in life. A little railroad runs out from Cornelia, Georgia, to Tallulah Falls, with its turn-table on the very brink of the great chasm. It touches several prosperous villages and towns in its twenty-one miles of extent; while beyond the great wall of the Blue Ridge, in both North and South Carolina, there are a few other prosperous towns in the so-called mountain counties. Here and there among the highlands may be found a locally known resort place, accessible by stage, a mountain inn, a hunting lodge, and occasionally a poorly equipped corundum, asbestos, or even a gold mine. But this is the whole extent to which that vast region has been opened up.

It was not until late spring of the present year that the organization of a body called "The Blue Ridge and Tallulah Falls Exposition Company," was completed and Mr. F. S. Johnston, of Franklin, North Carolina, made president, with vice-presidents from Georgia and South Carolina, and a treasurer, Mr. W. R. Sweet, from Tallulah Falls. The latter place was selected as most suitable for holding the fair, being sufficiently central, yet accessible, and having, moreover, an old-time fame and enduring attractions to draw many to whom the exposition in itself might not appeal. A wise choice; for the grandeur of nature's setting compensated fully for, nay, we may almost say, demanded, the absence of monumental architecture or colossal statuary fashioned by inadequate human hands. The Great Artist having wrought incomparably, no man-made attempts toward art might form a part of the same background.

The people of the towns on the few railroads touching this region, the villages on the scattered highways, and the hamlets in the valleys were easily enough reached by the proclamation of a forthcoming exposition; and although much reluctance to be drawn into the scheme was at first displayed, yet a thorough organization finally secured a good representation from all these. But to reach the veritable mountaineers, the dwellers on the plateaus or among the cliffs and chasms, to proclaim to these the tidings of an approaching fair in the heart of the highlands, and to make them understand that all were invited, even urged, in perfect good faith, to attend, bringing wife, children, dog, and above all anything of interest they might have to exhibit, from a mammoth ear of corn or huge potato to an Indian relic—why, here was quite another matter. No ordinary advertising problem this. Suspicion, distrust of the stranger and his intentions, may be named as an inalienable trait of the mountaineer. Add to this, illiteracy and perfect unsophistication, and you have a difficult nature to handle. Of course it must be taken into account that many of these people, by no means all, yet a significant proportion, are "moonshiners," illicit distillers, for public or private purposes, who would leap to the conclusion that they were being decoyed out of the mountains in order to render successful a general raid, by the government agents, of the hidden treasures of cave and ravine. Needless to say none of these came down to the fair in full family force, those who ventured being sure to leave the "still" guarded by some trusted cousin or brother who had handled the mountain rifle from childhood.

But the tidings finally reached the remote log cabins far up the heights. The authorities who had the exposition in charge knew the people they had to deal with, and they chose and sent out their

agents and emissaries with great discretion. For this purpose they chose the "half-way men," sophisticated lowlanders, yet with kinspeople and ties among the hilltops. Months were spent by them in going from spot to spot, cabin to cabin; often great distances were traversed, the messenger taking only his dog and gun, and in his pocket a few leaflets and premium lists of the forthcoming fair. These he faithfully expounded wherever he stayed over-night, beguiling his hearers into a slow comprehension of what an exposition is, and a slower faith in the veritableness of this one impending at Tallulah Falls. Whatever mountain cabin or human eyrie he visited, too, his eyes searched it from log to log, floor to rafters, within and without, for something that might swell the list of exhibits, some heirloom, relic, or curious find, some valuable product of loom, tool, or mountain-side patch, which he might urge the owner to enter for a prize in the fair.

Having noted the setting and locale of the Tallulah Exposition, the difficulties it met, and the curious processes through which it was evolved, one asks next: But what of the fair itself, its immediate results, the articles exhibited, and, above all, its visitors?

Here is an exposition that was ready, full toilet, for the inaugural day. By September 16, the unique exhibits were all in place in the half dozen buildings appropriated for fair purposes, and the improvised booths and sheds in the inter-spaces were suitably fitted up and decorated for the occasion. These buildings stood in a bit of primeval forest commanding a glimpse of the great chasm and the falls, the main building being an annex to one of the resort hotels and the others summer cottages loaned for the occasion. Within, without, exhibits, exhibitors, spectators—uniqueness stamped everything. Nor were fitness, beauty and intrinsic value

by any means wanting in the articles displayed, or the general detail and arrangement of the fair. One can but be surprised that this should have been true to so marked an extent when it is recalled that only seven or eight mountain counties in the utterly undeveloped contiguous corners of Georgia and the Carolinas were represented in this strange exposition.

The main building was entered through a vestibule filled with fine plants. The remainder of the building was given up to the educational exhibit, an apocalypse in itself—and we say it reverently—to those mountaineers, some of whom have never seen the interior of a genuine school house. Indeed, the country schools and higher institutes of this section, the very section which so greatly reduces the literacy of the white population of three states, made a wonderfully creditably showing here. No one who has failed to take account of the progress made by these schools under the new system of the last few years, can quite comprehend the possibility of such an educational exhibit from the districts generally regarded as most benighted. There was creditable work in every department, from the ideal kindergarten, manual training and nature study classes, on to free hand drawing, higher art, and even Latin and Greek composition. The individuals in charge of these exhibits are especially to be commended for the tact and tenderness displayed in overcoming the shyness and enlisting the interest of the mountain children, who gazed round-eyed and wondering on this display, at first meaningless to them, then gradually unfolding to disclose a new world and its import. A volume might be given to this department alone, and to the ideas and plans it called to life in the brains of those children of wild nature. One portion of it, at least, should have a parting word: that is, the very fine collection of fungi and parasitic

plants, 2,000 in number, native to this section, gathered by Professor Seymour and displayed to great advantage in the piazzas of this building.

The agricultural and live stock display perhaps had more of common interest to all present than any other single department. Mountaineer and valley farmer, townsman of the highlands and commercial man from the distant city, met on a plane of mutual interest when they stood together admiring the fat hogs, well coated sheep, or nice cows, the fine

the exposition, as they were, beyond denying, the most intrinsically valuable. Nearly 100 varieties of hard woods were shown, many of them already in great demand. That resource alone will bring wealth to these heavily wooded hills and ridges when transportation facilities become what they should be. Dr. Charles Gibbs displayed sixty-four specimens—each a distinct variety—of wood collected from his twenty-seven acres in Rabun, the mountain county in which Tallulah Falls is located. Few, if

AN UNIQUE EXPOSITION: VIEW OF THE GROUNDS



corn and pumpkins, the clean, yellow yarn of the hill-top tobacco and cotton, neither of these two abundant in quantity but possessing by tradition, the former a rarer aroma, the latter a finer fibre, than any lowland product. The fruit exhibits, the pears and apples in especial, were unusually attractive, while the pet stock and poultry display would not have reflected discredit on a state fair.

But to the student of natural resources or the promoter of industrial development, the exhibits of hard woods and minerals proved the significant feature of

any, of these varieties could be said to lack special value.

But the exhibit of minerals, metals and gems was never surpassed within a section of even ten times this area, demonstrating to many whose thoughts had not before turned in that direction, how boundless is the wealth locked up in the Southern Appalachians. Here were sapphires, turquoises, opals, of good quality; gold nuggets that might have come from the Yukon but had in fact been merely ploughed up in a hillside patch, and one picked up lately in a rocky mule-lot; here

was a single block of mica worth \$600 and an enormous topaz which might have been the pride of an Eastern potentate, but which in reality had lain for years on the rough board floor of a mountain cabin, sometimes used as a doorstep, sometimes toyed with by the children, usually unnoticed. Here was coal—bitumen and anthracite—asbestos, corundum, marble—why attempt the list of this great exhibit which awakened the mountaineers and amazed the urban dwellers?

The woman's building was full of wonders, wonderful lessons of endeavor and longing, of pathos, courage, supreme attempt finding inadequate issue yet sure to strive on toward world-betterment. The hand-crafts found their chief expres-

A 200-YEAR-OLD GOWN AND SPINNING WHEEL SHOWN AT THE INTER-MOUNTAIN EXPOSITION



sion in this department, and all sorts of special exhibits, articles made or displayed by men as well as women but fail-

HURRICANE FALL, ONE OF THE TALLULAH FALLS



ing to find suitable lodgement in other buildings, were shown forth here. While there was notable scarcity in other departments of articles and products brought in by the remote mountain people, here there was a large preponderance. Especially note-worthy were the hand-woven rugs, coverlets and counterpanes, about fifty in all, some of this year's weave, some handed down in the mountain families for a century or more. What a lineage these people have, by the way! There was an old flax-wheel, transported from England to Virginia 200 years ago, and brought across the Blue Ridge on horseback by a woman, from Virginia to North Carolina, in Revolutionary days. It came down to the exposition from a log cabin perched on the scarped side of Tallulah Ridge, a cabin in which, as in all of kindred kind, the women still spin and weave the clothes of the household.

The present cottage industries of the highlands were represented, not alone by cloths and spreads woven on the old-

fashioned looms, but by knitted woolen articles, many of them very pretty, even artistic, by hand-made laces of remarkable finish and newness, a few specimens of basketry, one or two picturesque hats for girls, braided from rye-straw and dyed with pokeberry juice, some quaint wax figures and leather decorations, and variously contrived fans and screens. The most beautiful collection of the last named came from Clarks-ville, Georgia, and were exhibited by Miss Annie Sutton. No more artistic small screen can be conceived than that of peacock's feathers, while the fans, about twenty-five in number and fashioned of geese and pea-fowl feathers and down, were graceful and pretty in the extreme.

A pair of prettily dyed and knitted woolen mittens took a prize of twenty-five cents and afterward sold to a city visitor for a dollar. A mountain woman had sheared the sheep, cleaned, carded and spun the wool, stained it with native dyes, knitted the

gloves, and walked sixteen miles with her little child, to put them on exhibit. The young woman in charge paid her

THE YOUNG LADIES IN CHARGE OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING



A HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS, TYPICAL OF THOSE FROM WHICH MANY RARE OLD EXHIBITS WERE BROUGHT



the award without delay, as the exhibitor stated that she must walk back home that very night and would not be near a post-office again in a year or more. She was one of the many there who had never seen a railroad before, and was rather eager to escape again to the walled-in security of her eyrie on Screamer mountain.

Could this exposition be called a success? From those who came by rail from close or distant towns, from prosperously developed regions near and far, you might receive diverse answers. But if you had stood by the roadside as the train of mountain wagons moved off homeward

at the end of the week, following one another by scores down the Tallulah hills but parting soon to pursue the lone trails up Hickory Nut Mount, Sal's Knob, Screamer, Yonah, or even to the rocky heart of the Great Smokies,

SECTION OF THE HARDWOODS EXHIBIT,

Showing one of the sources of vast undeveloped wealth in the Southern Appalachians



a hundred miles distant—if you had heard the comments of those homespun clad men, women and children, who by night had camped in their wagons, but had gazed and enjoyed through every daylight hour of what seemed to them a great carnival time, you would never again question the success of this fair, unique among recent expositions, and as significant as any. *Leonora Beck Ellis*

ATLANTA, GA.

McKinley at Thomasville

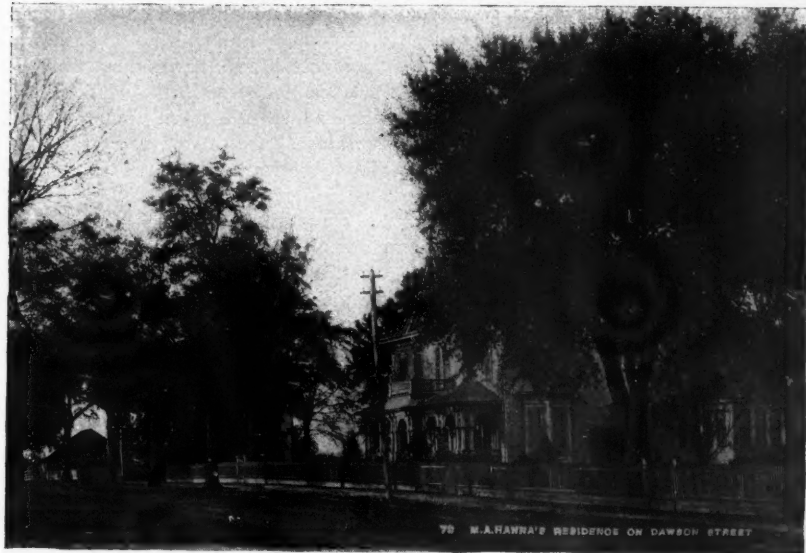
BELOVED and respected, as Mr. McKinley was in all the South, there was no place where grief for his death assumed a more personal character,

than in Thomasville, Ga. Mr. McKinley twice visited the place as the guest of Senator Hanna in his winter home here; first, in 1895, a few months prior to his nomination for the presidency, while he was still governor of Ohio; and again in 1899, just before his renomination to the presidency. These two facts, connected with Mr. Hanna's well known purposes, and the presence of other politicians, gave rise to the idea, which is now a proud conviction of the Thomasville people, that the "McKinley boom" was started here in the several conferences of long heads and wise, which were held in the sun parlor of the Hanna residence. However much of truth there may have been in the statement, which was steadfastly denied, that there was political significance in them, Mr. McKinley's visits created quite a stir at the time. Thomasville, for years a popular winter resort, all at once

became very attractive to newspaper men, and they fairly flocked hither; not only reporters, but editors and proprietors, representing leading newspapers in every section, but especially from the West. Whatever these men discovered or helped to plan, very little leaked out to the public.

On his first visit, Mr. McKinley was given several receptions and honored in every way the people could devise; while

THE WINTER HOME OF SENATOR M. A. HANNA, AT THOMASVILLE, GA., WHERE PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY WERE TWICE ENTERTAINED



on the second, when he came as President, worn out with the stress and anxiety incident to the Spanish-American war, the cordiality of the city within

whose gates he was a guest, was shown in a most beautiful and delicate way. Many buildings were decorated in the national colors, but no public receptions

ONE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FAVORITE DRIVES AT THOMASVILLE, GA.



were given. One paper spoke thus of the attitude of the place:

"President McKinley has gone to Thomasville to rest, and he is being allowed to. The people of that town have not tried to shake hands with him, to pump speeches out of him, nor tried to lionize him. In order to let Mr. McKinley know that they are aware of his presence among them they permitted the children to carry Mrs. McKinley some violets. To our mind no President ever had a more kindly welcome upon any occasion."

He was of course the cynosure of all eyes, in the daily drives he took, and in the Methodist church, where he worshipped on the Sundays of his stay. The local editor facetiously remarked in this connection:

"If the President stays here long, all the backsliders in the Methodist church will be found in their places."

It was not, however, a mere vulgar curiosity to see the President, which

prompted this interest of the people, but a genuine regard for the man.

He endeared himself to the Thomasville people in many little ways showing the innate kindliness of the man. For instance, there were two old colored men who had walked a long way to see the President, only to find the way hedged about with impossibilities. In their disappointment, they were walking around the Hanna house hoping to catch an accidental glimpse of him. In some way or other he heard of it, and at once went out with Mrs. McKinley and shook hands with them and spoke to them kindly and pleasantly, thereby gladdening two simple old hearts.

The court-house in Thomasville is surrounded by a most beautiful square of green grass, trees and flowers. It is a great source of pride to point out now two trees which he sent after his return to Washington to be set out here as a remembrance of Mrs. McKinley and himself in the years to come.

THE CHURCH WHICH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ATTENDED WHILE IN THOMASVILLE, GA.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT THOMASVILLE, GA. IN THE GROUP WERE MRS. MCKINLEY, MR. AND MRS. HANNA, THE HOST AND HOSTESS, THEIR DAUGHTER RUTH, THE LATE VICE PRESIDENT HOBART AND DR. RIXEY
Copyright, 1901, by Moller, Thomasville



On this last visit Dr. Rixey, Vice-President Hobart and Judge Day were in Thomasville also, and they with others made up a delightful party to visit Jekyl Island, the famous winter club home of so many millionaires. Tom Reed was there then, and there was much

Washington, refreshed and invigorated by his quiet stay in the land of sunshine and blossoms, a great crowd assembled to speed the parting of the honored guest, and his last look at Thomasville was backward from the rear of his car, over a multitude of people waving handkerchiefs and cheering with all their hearts and voices.

MISS CARRO M. CLARK OF BOSTON

Miss Clark is the head of the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, which scored big successes with the first two books sent out—"Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "Bennerhasset." Miss Clark is a prominent member of the Boston literary community and was for nine years a successful bookseller before she became a publisher a year ago.



conjecture as to the significance of such a gathering of notables.

When the time came for his return to

The memorial services held in his honor here were most impressive, and in the Methodist church where he had worshipped the only empty pew was the black draped one which he had occupied. The mourning for him was no perfunctory tribute to a high state official, but a tender grief for McKinley the man—loved and honored, "strong in his simplicity and simple in his strength."

Susie Bouchelle Wight

THOMASVILLE, GA.

Education at Hard Pan

DR. D. K. PEARSONS of Chicago—originally a Vermonter—is devoting his life to the cause of education upon the broad western basis of "hard pan."

"My ideas of education are not original," said he to a representative of "The National." "The education of the masses is the idea at the root of our public school system, but I go a step farther and invest money in a system of special training for the masses, one which fits them for earning a living by the labor of their hands. I regard Latin, Greek and phil-

osophy and other similar studies as useless to young men and women who must make their way through life by

means of physical labor. These I am assisting by liberal endowments that can never be used for any other purpose. I am doing, in my feeble way, a work of which the good results will live and grow years after I have passed over to the other side. I take no advice in my work from any man on earth, and from only one woman. That woman is my wife, and we hold our little plots for helping along the poor boys and girls strictly in the family, and we manage to keep tolerably glad and grateful that the opportunity has been put in our hands."

The total amount of his gifts and endowments probably exceeds the sum of \$3,000,000; those that are positively known reach the amount of \$2,489,000, distributed as follows:

DR. D. K. PEARSONS OF CHICAGO

He is one of America's most remarkable philanthropists, the friend of the small inland colleges



Beloit College.....	\$295,000
Chicago Theological Seminary.....	280,000
Colorado College, Colorado Springs.....	150,000
Mt. Holyoke College, Mass.....	150,000
Berea College, Ky.....	150,000
Lake Forest University.....	125,000
Whitman Coll ge, Oregon.....	120,000
Knox College.....	100,000
Drury College, Springfield, Mo.....	100,000
Yankton College, South Dakota.....	100,000
Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago.....	70,000
Pacific University, Oregon.....	60,000
Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.....	50,000
Fargo College, North Dakota.....	50,000
Pomona College, California.....	50,000
Fairmont College, Kansas.....	50,000
McCormick Theological Seminary.....	50,000
Chicago Y. M. C. A.....	40,000
Olivet College, Michigan.....	25,000
Marietta College, Ohio.....	25,000
Sheridan College, Wyoming.....	25,000
McKendree College.....	25,000
Presbyterian Board of Missions.....	20,000
Grand Prairie Seminary, Onarga, Ill.....	20,000
Anatona College, Turkey.....	20,000
Woman's Board of Foreign Missions.....	20,000
Chicago Art Institute.....	15,000
Chicago City Missionary Society.....	12,000
First Presbyterian Church, Chicago.....	10,000
Public Library, Bradford, Vt.....	2,000
College (name withheld).....	200,000
Northwestern University.....	30,000
Colorado College.....	50,000

Grand Total..... \$2,489,000

A recent report places the sum of Dr. Pearson's benefactions at \$3,400,000; he has not always taken the public into his confidence, so that it may be he has given away even more than this report credits him with. One thing is sure—that his known gifts have resulted in benefactions totaling \$8,000,000. His plan in helping one of his favorite "fresh water" colleges is to tell the rich men of the state or neighborhood in which the school is located that they also must give—and he makes them do it, too. That's where the rest of the \$8,000,000 came in. These donations are only the beginnings of Dr. Pearson's unstinted liberality. That he has many more millions at his command, is open business knowledge; and that he purposes devoting them to the furtherance of his educational ideas, we have from his own lips:

"I intend to stay in one

groove and spend the balance of my days in lifting struggling colleges out of the mire, making it possible for those shut out by environment from mental advancement, to shake off the fetters, and giving to our vast western country men and women who will make it a second and better New England.

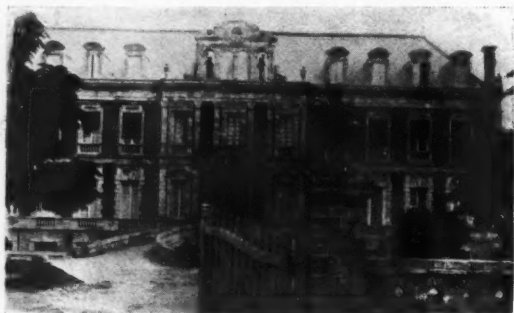
"I never intend, in the future, to give a cent for any purpose but the educational uplifting of poor boys and girls. This world is very large, and it is full of poverty, hunger and woe. My own life's lesson has taught me that. But I believe that if my energies are divided all the things to which I turn my hand will fail, so I prefer to stay on in one groove."

His view of an endowment is a fund to pay the actual expenses of education, and never to be used for buildings, libraries, laboratories or furniture. This he insists upon as a condition precedent, personally visiting his donees to see that his money is preserved intact for the purpose intended. "Will it be misapplied when I am gone?" said he, repeating a question. "I believe there is still common honesty in the world, and I hope that after I depart from it, some

will be left who will see to it that my ideas are carried out in the manner I intend."

Dr. Pearsons insists strongly upon

PALACE OF THE FRENCH GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF MADAGASCAR



physical labor, or "labor with the hands." In endowing a girls' dormitory, for instance, one of his conditions is, that the inmates shall be required to do all their own work without the aid of servants. Thus, he hopes, they will become good servants and housekeepers and fit themselves for good positions.

Dr. Pearsons is seventy-two years old. He says he expects to live to be ninety. He is less ambitious in this respect than Fernando Jones of Chicago's club of (would-be) centenarians. Each member of this club is pledged to live 100 years. Any member dying at a less age is promptly expelled from the club.

If vigorous ancestry, simple habits, and clear conscience can make a centenarian, Dr. Pearsons will be one. He is a Puritan of the Puritans, one of the type of Eastern-man-gone-West who lead and adorn the section they have settled in. He got his schooling in Bradford, (Vt.) Academy and Dartmouth College. He practiced medicine in Chicopee, Mass., twelve years, married Mary Chapin there and went

PALACE OF THAT QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR WHO WAS DEPOSED BY THE FRENCH IN 1895



West. Chicago taught him that he was a money maker. He grew rich in real estate. He has no sons or daughters, and owns but a single aim in life—to help build up true national greatness in the brains and hearts of the young men and women of America.

Thus this Chicago St. Vincent de Paul works and expends his millions. His example is proving a powerful incentive to others to work in the same field, and as he says: "My work is feeble, but it will grow." It is indeed growing.

Charles H. Robinson



The Treasure of Half Moon Island

By *HENRY RIGHTOR*

Illustrations by *M. B. Trezevant*

THIS tale, written down word for word from the notes I made in the cabin of the "Salvador Russo," that black night twenty years ago as she lay before Spanish Fort, quietly enough in the still waters of the bayou after what we had gone through off Half Moon Island, shows once again the folly of men listening to the tales of voodooos and going after buried treasure on Gulf islands during the season of equinoctial gales.

Of all the adventurous dare-devils I have ever known in my going to and fro in the earth, like the fiend in Holy Writ, this same Marrero was the most thorough-going. The man's blood must have been leaping like a harlequin all the time, and if I were to tell you of all the strange things that have befallen me from going with him on schooners and other craft up and down these West

Indian waters and through those outlandish places in the Carib sea, likely you would be interested enough, but think I was only spinning yarns that I had thought out at nights looking up at the red and yellow stars that burn out in the hot air above those places I have been speaking of.

"Hendry," he said to me one night in that little eating house of the Widow Gonzalez, just off Congo Square, where the slaves used to frolic, "Hendry, I've got some curious information from that she-devil voodoo, Wayadi," and with that he took from his pocket a discolored piece of parchment—some kind of fish-skin, I took it to be—and spread it out on the table before him, and waved his hand at me in invitation that I look at it, and then sat back and began trying his coffee on the rim of the cup.



Marrero

I leaned over and looked at it. If you've seen the curious marks the tereda leaves on old logs at the weltering edge of salt marshes, you have a fair idea of the curious characters set down on what Marrero was showing me. I'm fairly

advising someone of something, but try as I could the thing was beyond me. So I pushed it back over the table to Marrero without speaking any word, only frowning slightly and pursing my lips as men do when they have nothing to say.



"Took from his pocket a piece of discolored parchment"

good at puzzles and know something of the writing ways of several nations, including savage peoples, but this fairly baffled me. I turned it every way. It was not rot nor mold nor accidental scratching, but clearly something set down in design; that is, with the idea of

"That's an odd bit of chirography, eh?" said Marrero with a smile, looking down sideways at the little blue-yellow scrap on the table, "And now, since you're a hefty bit of old wreckage with a tendency to drift into unlikely waters, I'm going to tell you all about it, and if

you're in for a crazy adventure down through the grass islands, why, well and good; and if you're not in for a crazy adventure down through the grass islands why, well and good, too, and you're not the man to have me laughed at nor go prating about what only concerns me unless you tip me your hook and say you're in with me for better or worse till we dig out the bearings."

And with that, Marrero pushed his cup away and set both his elbows on the table and rested his lean face in his hands and sat there looking at me with his big, dark, enthusiast eyes, waiting for me to decide, as I had often known him to do before.

The matter was serious enough in its way. What Marrero's plan was, I had not the remotest idea, barring that hint he gave me about digging which seemed to indicate there was buried treasure in it; and I knew very well the man's odd way and was certain he would dismiss the matter there and then, without speaking a word further, unless I gave my unreserved assent and subscription to his still undefined plans. Now there came over me all at once thoughts of that time we had gone into the honey-combed labyrinths of Pumpkin Hill, with its bat stinks and thousand year deposits of droppings, and the death of the ship's boy there at the mouth of the cave as we were about climbing down the fig root, and the fever that kept me on pineapples for months afterward; and I thought of the brawl that time with the blacks in Trinidad; and the eight days we spent marooned on a shell key by the Tortugas, near dying of thirst and falling into scurvy from eating of crabs and shell fishes; I thought of all these things and hesitated.

"Isn't it unreasonable, Marrero," I said, looking at him square, "to ask a man to go into something with you, without telling him what it is?"

"Isn't it unreasonable," he rejoined,

echoing my words, "to ask a man to tell you something without going into it with him?"

I saw how useless it would be to argue with him, and, truth to tell, I have never been a stay-at-home, but a man rather over-fond of a rough life, and moreover there was little to keep me in New Orleans in those days if I chose to go elsewhere, and beside all of that, I could scent something of adventure in what lay under that bit of undecipherable hieroglyphics that smelt very pleasant to me.

So I lit one of those black cigars we had left over from Vera Cruz and laughed very heartily, partly to reassure Marrero, who was obviously beginning to suspect me of changing into softer material than he liked, and partly because the situation really was very amusing.

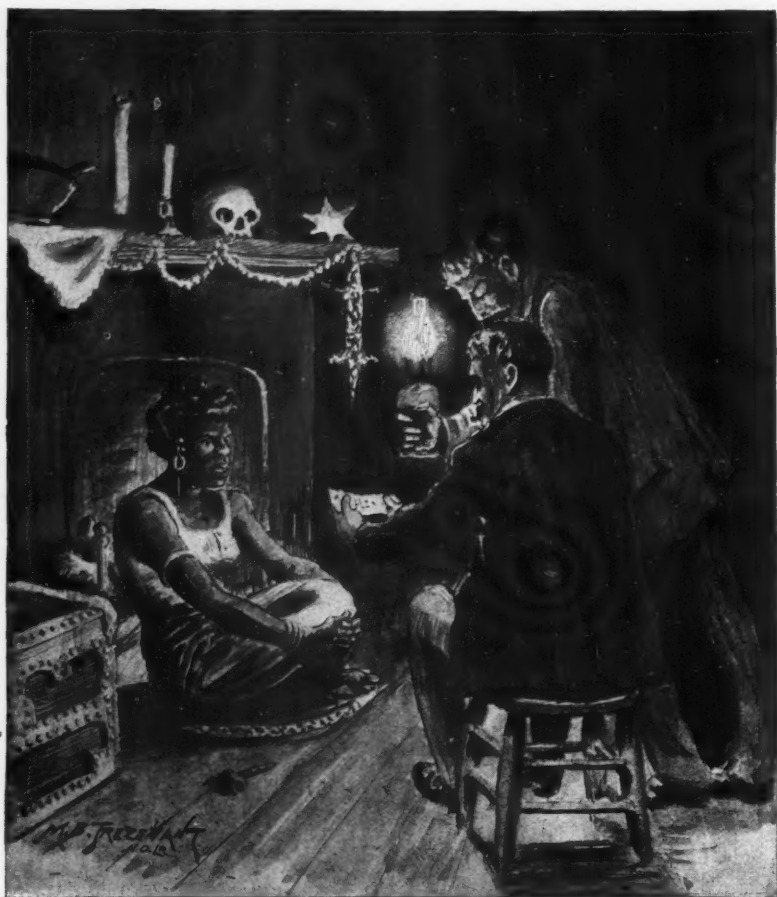
"Very well then, Marrero," said I as I blew out the smoke, "I go with you unreservedly, after one proviso."

"That proviso?" rapped out Marrero in his short, curt, Latin way, with a rising reflection.

"That the trip does not require over a month; I am going with Carlos to Mauritius on his schooner in September, and I must be back against that time."

"You'll be pulling up Bayou St. John in a skiff a fortnight from to-night," said Marrero and there and then we sealed the compact and went out to see Wayadi, the voodoo, in order that I might know as much as Marrero himself. That was his way; you were in with him wholly or out wholly; and for all those fresh-air ways which people in cities would not like, he was the best friend and the worst enemy I have ever known.

In the midst of a huddle of small houses standing among myrtles, oleanders and Spanish daggers in far Marais street, we came to the hut of the voodoo, Wayadi, and Marrero led the way familiarly through the sodden yard to a black, rain-discolored hovel standing in a



"Wayadi listened with open mouth"

thicket of wild fig trees. There was a dim light glimmering through a side window and when Marrero knocked boldly, we could hear some one leaping out of bed and striding stealthily to the door, and the next moment a rich contralto voice was asking who was there.

"Oom-a-oom-a!" answered Marrero quickly, which seemed to be a kind of password, for presently the door was thrown open and in the door, with a dying fire on the hearth-stone in the

background, stood Wayadi, the voodoo.

This was one of the strangest creatures I have ever seen. She was very tall and very black, exceedingly graceful and sinuous as a snake, so that as she stood there before the dying embers of the fire with the turkey-red curtains flapping at the window and the light of the oil lamp flickering in the wind, casting grotesque shadows about the place, she seemed quite as much of an African witch as I cared to see. I noticed that there were

skulls about the place and curious chests, looking as if they had been hauled up out of the sea, and in one corner of the room, strewn about in a jumbled mass of shadow, a pile of feathers and skins and strips of snake and alligator hides, together with pieces of junk and bones, and broken crosses and daggers and many other things the nature of which I could not clearly make out.

"This is the friend I spoke of," said Marrero, nodding his head at me. He spoke in the *patois*, the *gombo* of the negroes of those parts, an odd, musical nondescript commingling of French and Spanish and Guinea and Congo. Wayadi smiled and showed her white teeth, which I saw were big and strong and ferocious, the teeth of a cannibal, and then sat down upon a mat of reeds, stirred the fire with her fingers, and then setting the lamp upon the hearth before her, jabbered away and gesticulated and held the fish skin up to the light until she had explained to me, with Marrero's assistance, all that she had already explained to him.

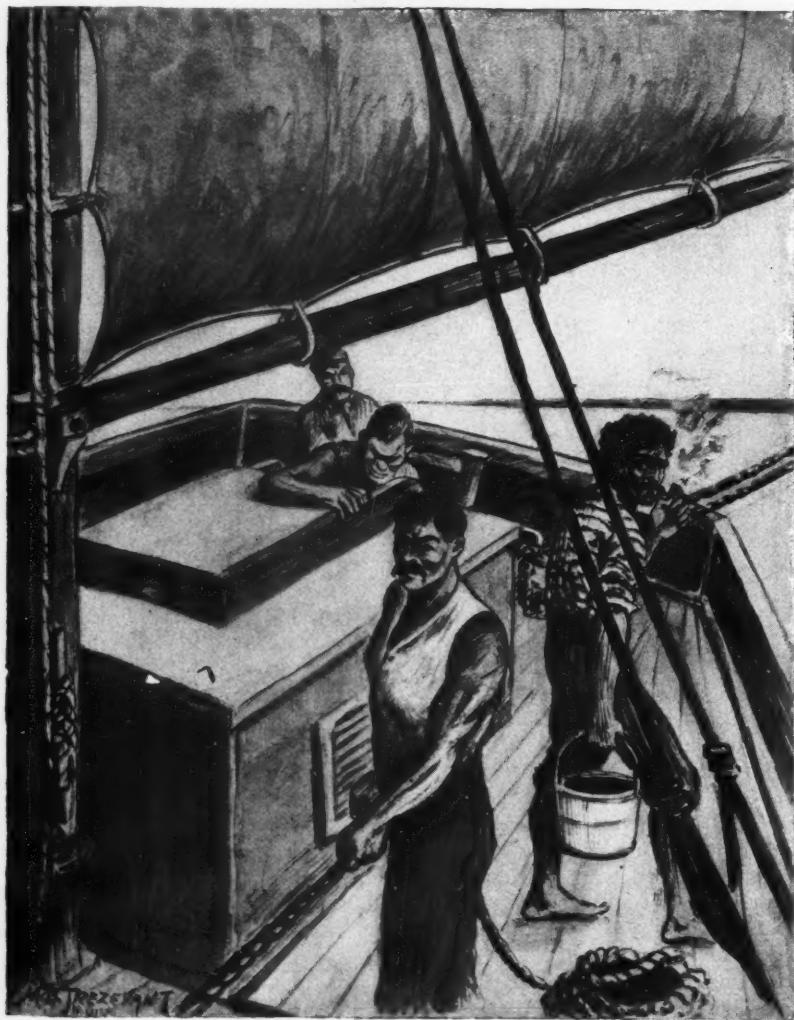
What she said in a great many words may be set down in a few words thus: She had come down from the Cape de Verde Islands, whither she had drifted from some nigger village in Guinea, on a Scandinavian tramp which was going to Ship Island for lumber. The vessel was a worthless old hulk floating by the mercy of Providence and when it rounded the shallows about the Mississippi's mouths it had been caught in one of those treacherous gales that blow down the Gulf of Mexico in the late summer, and gone to pieces among the keys and false islands about Isle au Pitre. Of all the crew but one man, an old Portuguese sailor, survived, and he and she together were thrown up on a little island of muck and grass where they stayed mosquito bitten in mud up to their knees for four days when they were picked up by an oysterman. The sailor was sick unto

death with marsh fever and while they were carrying him out to the lugger in a skiff he put the fish-skin into her hands and gasped out its meaning before he died.* Now, it appears that the Portuguese had told Wayadi that he had been ship's boy on one of the vessels of those Barataria buccaneers, and that one time, being hard pressed off the coast, they had come up into the passes in their small craft and a pirate named Vincent Gambio had gone ashore at Half Moon Island and buried something in the muddy sand there among the mangroves. This Portuguese had been the only one to go ashore with Gambio, and that only because the pirate had to dig and the mosquitoes were so bad that he had taken the boy along to keep reeds going over him while he dug. The boy was shrewd enough to know that something was going on, but was puzzled to know how to mark the place so as to keep it in his mind, for these grass islands are as much alike from one end to the other as a stretch of railway track. But, as luck would have it, he noticed a great mahogany washed high up on the beach among the grass, and, remarking in his mind that this was probably unique in that region, I mean for a mahogany log to be washed so far from Yucatan or those other places south, through such narrow passes, he had gone ashore, quietly enough, the next day, and under pretense of throwing the net for mullets and moon fishes along shore, had taken some crude bearings of the log and traced out with India ink on a piece of dried fish skin left by the sea-birds, the curious

*Likely enough, the Portuguese had imposed some charge of bringing the thing to his heels, these Portuguese being careful of their worldly goods, but a charge of that kind to a Guinea negress where treasure or prospect of treasure is concerned, may be looked at as useless enough. At all events, Wayadi said nothing to Marrero or me about there being any one else concerned in this treasure excepting Marrero, she and myself under the conditions imposed, and it has come home to me since that what I was thinking about there being defrauded heirs of that Portuguese sailor was correct, and that this, too, had something to do with the ill-luck that befell our adventure, for I have never known good to come of enterprises that were rotten at the bottom, in which respect our human affairs are much like craft that go down into the big seas.

markings the tereda and other boring sea creatures had made upon the log during its long driving and rolling from those

a cross set about a little inlet called Padre Bay, so that it would be easy enough, knowing what island of the hundreds in



"We had an opportunity of observing our crew"

far seas down toward the tropics. Also there were down upon the fish skin in a way I had not noticed before, a kind of tracing of the contour of the island with

those parts the drawing referred to, for a man to set a skiff ashore pretty near the mahogany log if it was really there, and thereafter to trace the bunch of

mangroves where the treasure was buried if that was really there, this latter being accomplished with the assistance of a clumsily drawn arrow pointing from the log toward a point northeast and indicating the distance by suggesting that it was twice the length of the log.

"Well what are we to do?" I asked, interestedly enough, as you may well imagine, when the voodoo had got through with this strange story.

"Why, find us a schooner and go after the treasure, to be sure," replied Marrero, speaking in English, while Wayadi listened with open mouth as people do when they understand little of what is being said.

"And the conditions?" I asked.

"Oh as to that," replied Marrero, "It's as usual with you and me—half and half of gains or losses. The negress here reserves a half for her share, which I take to be reasonable enough."

"Certainly," said I, "but what puzzles me is how this voodoo should have selected you."

Marrero lit a cigarette and laughed. "That's a long story," he said out of the smoke, "which I will tell you another time. The one thing is, I'm the first man she's found in the long years she's been holding that fish skin, that she could trust."

Events showed how much a Guinea negress will trust anybody, which makes me think they are much like the Chinese and Tamil shrimpers who keep their partnership money and papers in strong boxes which can only be opened by all the partners' keys turning at the same time.

We left Wayadi's hut at midnight and went in search of a schooner, the negress skulking along behind us in the shadow of the piles of wood and shells, evidently thinking she was unobserved, though we could both see her very well as she flitted across patches of moonlight.

The "Salvador Russo," a small ten-ton

schooner, very staunch and with good lines for speed, and canvases and spars in good shape, was the likeliest craft we could find in the basin at the time, and before an hour we had chartered her to sail next morning under orders. We found her captain, a big, good-natured Neapolitan, in a little drinking place, and a very few moments' talk with him satisfied us that he knew the devious Sound waters thoroughly. It was important to be assured of this for, as I have said before, these North Mexican waters are the most treacherous in the world, so that the Sicilian and Austrian oystermen and others who sail them without chart or compass through the blackest nights the Lord ever threw down upon the world, are known as the finest sailors in the sea; I mean so far as inland waters are concerned.

It was over a day's run as the winds were setting then, to Half Moon Island, so having in mind getting things in shape for an early start on the morrow, Marrero and I agreed to seek no sleep that night but go early to the Tréme Market and get our supplies, looking to a comfortable bunk on the hatches as we sailed over Pontchartrain, to provide the sleep we lost. The market was all a-stir by four o'clock and by five we had our provisions aboard, enough for three weeks, including a crew of four. Marrero was careful to send aboard three heavy spades and some blasting powder, fuses and lanterns, storing these away in the cabin without arousing comment from the crew. We caught the early tow and by seven o'clock with everything drawing high and low we were out of the bayou and sailing away at a rattling clip across Lake Pontchartrain, very merrily chattering over the breakfast of coffee, bacon and potatoes which our skipper had prepared.

As we smoked in the shade of the jib after breakfast, we had an opportunity of observing our crew. They were three

beside the captain: Malovitch, an Austrian, Marandino and Spagnolo, Palermens, all very merry and piratical looking gentry. Marrero and I looked them over and concluded that we had best keep our business to ourselves.

"If the wind puts us through the Rigolets," said Marrero, "we should make Half Moon Island by moonrise, and my plan is to anchor a quarter mile off the grass and you and me go ashore in the skiff and get at this business as soon as possible. It's going to be hard digging through the roots and concreted shells, and with these black clouds overhead and the season of equinoctials coming on, it's as well to get through and back as soon as possible."

To this I assented and we rolled over on the hatches and slept out the rest of the voyage. Along in the night the captain came tugging at my sleeve and I woke up and saw the moon riding high, and, over our starboard quarter the gray, mysterious line of Half Moon Island. I touched Marrero and he was up on his elbow in a moment, rubbing his eyes.

"*Ben Trovato!*" he cried out, "and

here we are," and with that he called for a lantern and pinned the fish skin to the hatches with the point of his dagger that the wind might not sweep it away and fell to studying it, glancing anon over his shoulder at the long, low coast line. Presently he stood up and pointed out Padre Bay to the captain, and, within less than a half hour, we were riding snugly at anchor and Marrero and I were putting off for shore in the skiff.

Now at this point must begin the recital of those things that happened to us on Half Moon Island and in the waters thereabout, and, partly because this story is already long, partly because a man naturally tells in a hurried, bewildered kind of way such strange, pell-mell things as there occurred, I am going to bring this tale to an end in as few words as possible, at the same time holding nothing back, but telling it all just as it occurred, reserving only the point at which the treasure went into the sea, and that only because Marrero has an idea of regaining it some time when that she-devil, Wayadi, shall have died and the evil spell she put upon it passed away.

(*To be concluded.*)

Dream-Money

(From "Comes One With a Song")

DE ol' owl holler, en de ol' owl scream,
 En I wants dat money what I see in my dream;
 Oh, my honey!
 I wants dat money—
 Dat money what I see in my dream!

De graveyard rabbit by de ol' mill stream,
 En I wants dat money what I see in my dream;
 Bless God, Honey!
 I wants dat money—
 Dat money what I see in my dream!

Ol' witch ridin' on a pale moonbeam,
 En I wants dat money what I see in my dream!
 Bless God, Honey!
 I wants dat money—
 Dat money what I see in my dream.

Frank L. Stanton



WHERE THE ROAD DIVIDES

BY LILLIAN V. LAMBERT

BY some unaccountable fickleness in the laws of nature understood by no one but herself, a week of warm, dreamy Indian-summer weather had been taken out of the early days of autumn and placed in December. On the day before Christmas a change occurred. The wind suddenly turned from the south to the northeast. People out upon the street buttoned their coats more closely about them and walked rapidly. The breath from the north acted like a tonic in their veins.

"It looks as if we were going to have snow," one man said to another in passing.

"Yes, I hope we will," was the reply. "Nature demands a cold Christmas. There must be plenty of snow for Santa Claus' reindeer, and it must be frosty enough for the jolly old fellow to wear his fur coat."

"Nature don't always do as she intends down here in Iowa," the other made answer. "She has been mixing weather up considerably of late. Isn't that true, Uncle Peter?" he said to an old man who just then joined them.

"If nature an' the good Lord are the same, I'll 'low He knows what He is about," Uncle Peter replied solemnly as he passed on.

The person addressed as Uncle Peter pursued his way slowly. The northern breeze did not bring a flush to his cheeks. It touched them with its icy breath and

left them even paler than before. With difficulty he made his way against the wind till finally, chilled and exhausted, he reached a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the city. He entered a bare, solitary room. No one was there to greet him. Having kindled a fire in a small stove, he sat down near the window and looked out at the sullen gray sky. "The sun is settin' there in the west behind them clouds with as much beauty as if every one was lookin' at it. I can't see it, but I know it is there, an' I believe that that's the way it is with God. When we're travelin' along the path of life, an' come to a place where the road divides, an' we stan' haltin' an' don't know which one to take, I somehow feel that God gives us a little touch on the shoulder an' jogs us on in the right way. He glanced about the cold, cheerless room that resounded with the wail of the wind, then he looked again at the ashen sky. "It's jest forty years ago to-day," he sighed. "To-morrow is Christmas an' there's nothing in the house but potatoes an' turnips an' pork. Not much like the Christmas dinner I ate forty years ago with her, an' she's gone—gone; an' the girl, too. But I do believe it," he said with tightly pressed lips, "He jogs us on an' helps us to keep in the right way."

An old coat sleeve brushed against his faded eyes and wiped away a tear as he rose to light a small lamp. It cast a dim funereal glow over the room, revealing its poverty and barrenness. The snow

had begun to fall, covering the dusty earth with its mantle of whiteness, but he did not notice it. He had forgotten to prepare his supper, forgotten everything in the one great purpose that possessed him.

With a small rusty key that he produced somewhere from the depths of his pocket, he unlocked an old-fashioned hair trunk. From this he took a muslin dress, once fresh and white, now wrinkled and yellow. It was made in the fashion that prevailed forty or fifty years ago. He touched it lovingly, laid it caressingly against his cheek, and then hung it on a nail near the small table. A dress of pearl-colored silk, apparently made some years later, was hung near the limp, musty white one. An old-fashioned workbasket was laid upon the table, and a strip of home-made rag carpet was spread in front of the two gowns.

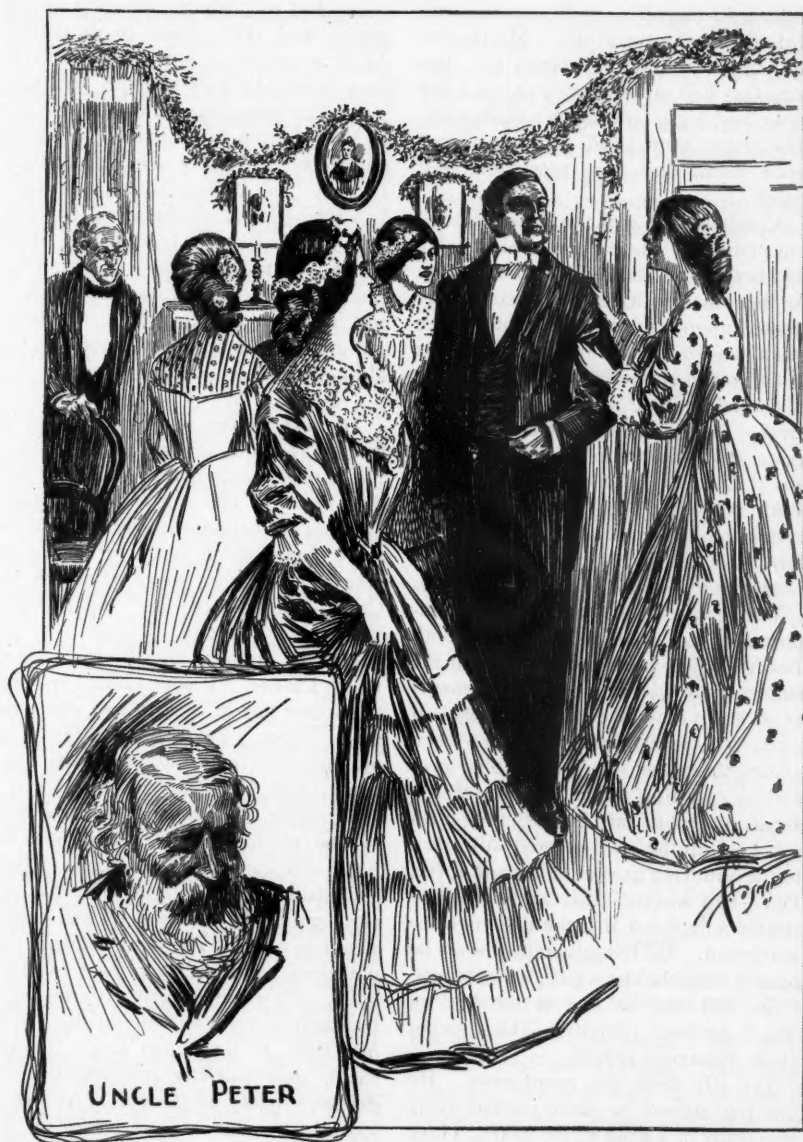
All this having been done, Uncle Peter took a worn Bible from a shelf and turned over its pages until he came to two photographs. One was that of a woman about fifty, the other showed the smiling face of a girl no more than twenty. "My own Marthie an' little Bessie," he murmured, as with a trembling hand, imperfectly guided by eyes filled with tears, he carefully placed them against the worn workbasket. The rising wind moaned more dismally than ever. He heard it not. Only his body was in that cheerless room; his soul had gone forth, gone back forty years into the past, and he was a young man again.

* * *

It was Christmas eve. He was attired in his new suit of black—the best he had ever worn, with a white shirt and a stiff collar in which he felt wretchedly uncomfortable. With a conscious, bashful blush he arranged the white tie, and then surveyed himself critically in the mirror. He saw before him a tall, strange young man with brown eyes and brown hair parted far to one side and smoothed

down so carefully that it shone as if it might have been varnished. The face reflected to him was rather red from the unusual exertion of wearing the high collar, yet it was bright with joy as he brushed his hair once more and awkwardly adjusted his tie again.

Soon he stood on the threshold of a plain, modest house. The door opened as if by magic and two or three pairs of eager hands pulled him in. "Here you are," a chorus of voices cried gleefully. "We were afraid you would be late. How fine you look. She's upstairs and is all ready. You can see her just a minute before it begins." The same fluttering figures conducted him upstairs and led him into a small, neat room where a maiden clothed in white, advanced blushing to meet him. "How beautiful!" he thought, as he took her in his strong arms. "Don't!" cried the same voices in alarm. "Mercy on us! don't; you'll muss her dress!" But two girlish arms were suddenly placed about his neck, a soft cheek touched his, and a gentle voice said: "Never mind the dress. What is it compared to you, Peter dear?" Then he stood down stairs in the simple parlor with the eyes of all his friends riveted upon him. A plump, warm hand was in his. "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" he heard the minister say in solemn tones. His heart was throbbing so he knew not what he answered, but he clasped that small hand all the more firmly; in some way it gave him strength. It was over at last. Friends were pouring their congratulations upon them. Marthie was his—shy, sweet Marthie. He did nothing all the rest of the evening but beam upon every one, he was so serenely, blissfully happy. The next day he ate Christmas dinner at his home. How the table groaned beneath the weight of the good things placed upon it! How modest and yet self-possessed she acted when they called her



"How fine you look"

Mrs. Wood. Once in speaking of him to a guest she called him "my husband." How his heart beat when he heard those

words. Nothing before had ever sounded so wondrously charming to him. Then life began in their own home.

Peter sold vegetables in the summer and did odd jobs in the winter. Martha was a thrifty, economical housewife. Ere long they had saved enough to buy a few acres, and begin farming on a small scale. The times were good, fortune smiled upon them, they were prosperous and happy.

A certain cold night in January stood out plainly in Uncle Peter's mind. He had been going restlessly from one room to the other with the greatest anxiety written upon his face. Low voices were often heard in the adjoining room. At last a woman entered with a small bundle of flannel and laid it in the young man's arms. Occasionally a feeble little cry came from one end of the bundle. "A girl!" the woman said in joyful tones. With a broken, silent prayer of thanksgiving the father looked upon that tiny form—his Bessie, his pride and joy for twenty years—his beautiful, sweet Bessie.

The years passed. Something of importance was soon to happen. Both Bessie and her mother often sat near the sunny window, sewing. Pretty garments of all kinds were made and carefully laid away. A young man was often seen among them, one with gentle blue eyes and a winning smile. One evening Bessie, with her fair face beaming with joy, held up the pearl-colored silk gown to the admiring gaze of father and lover. Peter had worked early and late, had stinted and saved that the silk might be purchased. He felt fully repaid when he beheld his daughter's girlish happiness. "She will look as fine as the best of 'em," he said proudly. The thought alone was ample reward.

The silk dress was never worn. He saw her attired in white instead, lying peacefully in a plain white casket. Three forms, bowed with grief, bent over her. Tears coursed down his cheeks as memory again showed to him that loved one—his Bessie.

These two trusting, loving people, who

before had felt only the sunshine of life, now bowed their heads to its storms. All Peter's earnings were gone, the crops were poor, Martha's strength was waning. The farm was sold that they might go West in the hope that a change of climate would restore her failing health. In vain! the mother heart was broken. In a strange land she breathed her last, with her husband's tender arm about her and her toil-worn hand in his. When she had been taken home and laid to rest near her child, Peter's last dollar was gone. His only possession was the old hair trunk.

* * *

The fire in the stove had ceased to burn. The cold at length aroused him. He opened the door and looked out into the night. The snow had ceased. Myriads of brilliant stars studded the azure blue of the heavens. "The bright eyes of the angels watching where the Christ child once lay," he thought. "I've been travelin' a pretty rough stretch of country an' I don't know where I'll end. It seems like I've come to another one of them places where the road divides. But I believe He'll jog me on in the right way as He has done afore. Yes, I'm most certain He will."

So saying, he touched his lips to each of the photographs, extinguished the light, and crept into his cold, hard bed.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear and cold. Uncle Peter had passed a restless night. The light bedding had not been sufficient to protect his thin body. He wakened early with the vague feeling that it was an unusual day. The first flush of dawn had crept into the room, only partially revealing the two dresses hanging on the wall. At first he looked at them curiously; then all the experiences of the night before came back to him with sudden force and he remembered that it was Christmas morning. No one to call "Merry Christmas." No little stocking hanging against the

wall filled to the top as he had seen it in years gone by. The words of a pathetic little Christmas poem came to his mind—one that Bessie had recited when a child, "Santa Claus didn't remember me." He smiled sadly at the memory. "An' old man like me expecting Santa Claus," he thought. "He's jest fur children an' them that's gay an' happy. The blessed Christ himself was a baby on this day. He came to bring joy to the little ones.—An' he was a man on this day, too, with the weight of the sorrow of the hull world on his heart. I'll 'low he ain't furgot what an old man like me feels, left poor an' lonely tryin' to wait His comin' in patience. I guess Christmas is fur the poor an' old an' sad as well. The Lord Almighty's heart is big enough fur 'em all."

With his limbs shaking and his teeth chattering, he arose and kindled the fire. Then he prepared his frugal breakfast of fried pork and warmed-over potatoes. He ate of it sparingly. His appetite was gone. "I believe I'll mash the potatoes fur dinner," he thought. "It'll seem more like Christmas. Them an' the turnips, with a slice or two of pork is enough fur any one. I oughter be ashamed of myself. I ain't no cause to feel sad, a man with all these blessings."

To deceive himself into believing his own words, he whistled softly in a quivering minor as he cleared away the few dishes. A loud knock at the door broke in upon his musings. He opened it to admit a strong, healthy, happy woman who shook the snow from her skirts as she said gayly, "Good morning; merry Christmas, Uncle Peter. We've had quite a heavy snow, and it's biting cold out, but it's nice and warm here. Got a new piece of carpet, ain't you?" she questioned as she noticed the strip that had been so reverently placed beneath the two gowns.

Uncle Peter's lips quivered as he replied: "No, it ain't new. I just spread

it there fur to-day, it being Christmas."

Her sharp eyes noticed his emotion. "It's powerful pretty, anyway," she said. She was too kind to mention the dresses, though she longed to know why they hung there; two women's dresses and he an old man living alone.

Soon her cheerful voice sounded again. "Uncle Peter, who do you think come



"Held up the pearl-colored silk gown to the admiring gaze of father and lover"

last night? My cousin that I ain't seen for well nigh twenty years. He's from Colorado, but he's been in Iowa for a couple of weeks visiting a cousin of his but not mine, who lives in the country. Yesterday he dropped in all unexpected and he brought a monstrous turkey along with him. With my small family we couldn't eat that turkey if we'd keep at it all day, so we want you to come in and

help us. We'll try and make you enjoy yourself, and give you a right good Christmas dinner."

Uncle Peter glanced at the two photographs. It seemed wrong to leave them there alone on Christmas; yet he could not refuse such a kind invitation, so he answered, after a moment's hesitation, "Thank you, Mrs. Simms. You're very good to remember an old man like me. I'll be glad to help you eat your turkey. I ain't tasted any fur a long time."

"Come just as soon as you can," said the kind neighbor as she hurried back to prepare her Christmas dinner.

Uncle Peter wished to do honor to the occasion. He looked in several places and finally produced a celluloid collar and a faded red necktie, both of which he arranged with stiff, clumsy fingers. He smoothed his thin, gray hair as carefully as he had done forty years ago, and then examined his clothes critically. "They're pretty old an' worn but I've brushed away all the dust. This collar an' bright tie kind of sets things off an' gives me a dressed-up look," were his mental comments as he gave the last finishing touches to his toilet. He then took the two photographs in his hands, and gazed at each long and wistfully. "Goodbye, Marthie dear," he whispered; "goodbye, little Bessie."

It was but a short walk over to Mrs. Simms. She stood at the door to greet him. "Walk right in, Uncle Peter; never mind the snow. I'd jest as soon have a little tracked in as not. Take this rocking-chair near the fire. Uncle Peter, let me make you acquainted with my cousin Joe."

A tall, bronzed man with kind blue eyes arose and heartily grasped his hand.

"I am glad to meet you, Uncle Peter," he said. "A merry Christmas to you."

Those cordial tones sent a thrill through Uncle Peter's heart. "I've heard that voice afore, I'm certain I have; an' I've seen that face, or else he looks

fur all the world like some one else. Who can it be? Where have I seen him?" he thought, as he smiled a gentle appreciation of his cordial welcome. "The same to you, sir," he answered. "It somehow does my heart good to see you. Seems like I've met you afore some place, but I'll 'low not. It's only a pass-in' fancy, I reckon."

"No, I guess we've never seen each other before. I've been out West for near twenty years, most of the time in Colorado on a ranch. Have you been living here long?"

"Yes, a good long time; not always right here, but one place or another in Iowa well nigh all my life. Many a sunny day I've spent here, an' many a sad one."

"The sad days fall to the lot of each of us," the younger man replied, "and I guess we each get our share of the bright ones as well. The very happiest days of my life were spent in Iowa, and the very saddest."

Uncle Peter looked at him with his brown eyes filled with sympathy. "But them dark days are over now, ain't they? Now you're prosperous an' happy?"

"Prosperous? Yes. Happy? Not always. Prosperity does not necessarily make one happy."

"I'll 'low that's true, but it helps. I mind the time when I owned eighty acres of land, three horses, six cows, an' a hull lot of pigs an' chickens. Then I had turkey on my table, too, an' lovin' hands placed it there. Now they're gone—gone. The years bring many changes to us."

Mrs. Simms' appearance in the room prevented a reply. "Dinner is all ready," she said, as she stood at the door with her hot red face diffused with smiles. "Walk right in."

Such a dinner! how savory it smelled! how good it tasted! It reminded Uncle Peter of a similar one forty years ago. His hand trembled occasionally when

he permitted his mind to dwell upon it; yet he ate with apparent relish and was happy. Cousin Joe sat next him and piled his plate with the best of everything. He felt strangely drawn to this lonely old man.

"I've a plan for you," said Mrs. Simms when at last they arose from the table. "There's going to be a song service at 2:30 over at Bethany church. I believed it would be a good idea for you to go while I'm washing dishes."

"What do you think about it, Uncle Peter?" asked the guest.

With the faintest touch of pride Uncle Peter remembered that he had on his celluloid collar and red tie. "I ain't been to church fur many a day, but I'm especially fond of singing. If it ain't too far I don't mind."

"Distance doesn't make any difference. We'll go in the sleigh. I drove in from the country yesterday. I believe a ride in the crisp air will do us both good."

Uncle Peter shivered when he looked out. He had ceased to enjoy the chill breath of winter; but he felt very happy when the robe was wrapped snugly about him and they started for the church.

Happy voices sang the beautiful Christmas songs with such feeling that unconsciously the ennobling influence of the day found a resting place in the soul of each. The inspiring services concluded with a hymn by the congregation:

*"Oye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing."*

"J-e," said Uncle Peter when they were out in the sleigh once more, "you and Mrs. Simms have given to an old

man the happiest Christmas that he has known in many a year."

"We've enjoyed it just as much, responded his friend cheerily.

"I used to think that Christmas was only fur the children," Uncle Peter continued musingly. But now that the burden I'm a-carryin' has become jest about as heavy as my old shoulders can bear, it did me good to hear 'em a-singin' about how the weary ones are to rest an' look up an' hear the angels sing. Yes, Joe, He knows how it goes. He was tired an' sad more 'an once when He was here on earth. He's the Christ old man as well as the Christ child."

"It never came to my mind just that way before, Uncle Peter, but I like to think of Him as remembering the old on this glad day. It's a comforting thought. Here we are!" he said with sudden abruptness as they came in sight of Uncle Peter's plain little cottage, even more cheerless in the gathering twilight. "You'd better come over to Mrs. Simms' and get warm."

"No, thank you. It's growing dark. I must be gettin' home."

"I'm going in with you and build the fire. You're too cold to do it."

"O no," replied Uncle Peter in dismay.

"Yes I will," said his friend with decision, as he tied his horse to the gate.

It took but a few moments for Joe to kindle a glowing fire, and to place a chair near the stove for the shivering old man. He noticed his thin clothing pityingly. "He'll have a new overcoat before many days," was his mental comment. How sweet his voice sounded to Uncle Peter's hungry heart when he said cheerfully, "Haden't we better have a light? Here's the lamp and I've a match in my pocket." So saying he placed the small lamp upon the table. Its feeble rays touched the things about it, lighting them faintly. With surprise he noticed the two dresses and the little

old workbasket. Then his eyes fell upon the two faded pictures. He seized that of the younger woman and regarded it intently. "Great heavens!" he ejaculated with trembling voice. "Where did you get this?"

Uncle Peter's brown eyes were opened wide with astonishment. "She's my daughter who died."

The younger man tried hard to control the emotion that shook his powerful frame. With a great effort he forced himself to speak calmly. "I told you this afternoon that I was to have been married nearly twenty years ago. This woman was to have been my wife."

Uncle Peter rushed over to his guest, touched his face with his trembling hand and turned it toward the light. His eager eyes gazed upon it searchingly as if they would penetrate the exterior to read his very soul. "My God! it's true," he gasped. Joe—dear, dear Joe. I thought I knew that voice an' that winnin' smile. An' to think you'd come back on Christmas! No wonder we heard the angels singin' this afternoon."

They sat together and talked long into the night. Each one was often compelled to wipe his eyes with his red

bandana. They were living in the past again.

A week later two travelers boarded a west bound train. Both were warmly and neatly clad. One had thin gray hair and brown eyes. The other was tall and strong with eyes of kindly blue. The snow was falling heavily. The elder man often looked out at the delicate white flakes, and then back again to the face that always welcomed his glance with a cheerful smile. At length he spoke:

"Joe, jest a week ago to-day, I stood at my little window watchin' the fallin' snow. I don't believe there lived that day a man more lonely an' sad than I was. I felt that I had reached the end of my path, an' come to one of them places where the road divides. I didn't know which one to take, for both of 'em seemed to lead over cheerless places that were most too rough fur me; but the blessed Christ Child, on His birthday, touched my shoulder gently, and jogged me on in the right track. I believe I'll jest go straight ahead now till I come to the place where all roads meet, an' Marthie an' little Bessie will be there to welcome me."



At the Sign of the Star

By ANNA COSULICH

THE dim light of evening glorified the Girl's face to absolute prettiness. The Man kept his look turned from her, knowing full well the danger which lurks in dim lights and lovely looks. Being very wise, he tried to keep from danger.

In the ominous silence a single star appeared. It seemed to tremble and shimmer in the lonely sky.

"The first star!" the Girl cried. "Make a wish—quick!"

"It is made, your majesty. Is this some new superstition of yours?"

"No. It is as old as the hills. And we are sure to get our wish if it is anything possible."

The Girl waited for him to say something, but as he wouldn't, she asked:

"Was your wish about—"

"You!" he promptly replied. "I wish I were a millionaire so that I could make love to you."

She affected a little laugh. After drawing several long breaths she lifted her head and said: "What a very queer thing to say."

"Queer?" And he came a bit closer to her as she leaned over the pier railing.

"As if you are not bright enough to know—to know that you are the impossible girl—the girl impossible to me!" His voice was hard and she surmised that he did not enjoy saying a thing that.

She drew away from him a little before saying:

"Tell me why."

"Ah, you want plain facts made plainer. What chance have I, or if I had it, I would not be the paltrone to grasp it:—what chance have I to—hope to win any girl who has been reared as you? You have every right to expect luxury—it's a habit with you. I, a mere plodder at my desk, to make love to you! The absurdity of it!"

The laugh which followed was loud but not pleasant to hear.

There was several minutes' silence. He saw her clasp her throat quickly. She swayed slightly, then leaned against the nearest pillar.

With a great effort she managed to whisper:

"If—if—you were a millionaire, what would you—say—to me now?"

"That I love you! That I want you to be mine—that I will worship you forever!"

He clasped her hands to his breast.

"Oh, I said 'if'!"

Instantly he released her hands.

"Pardon me, dear. It was madness; it has passed. Hear the soft splash, splash of the water. It is mocking us—not you, not you—only me!"

"Yes, the sea is mocking you; because it is very old, and it knows. It knows that money is not the only thing. That mocking gurgle is meant for a man who would fight a god. Shall I tell you the story? There was once a man who entered the lists against a little god. Although he was very small, he was very strong. It must be his godship that counts, don't you think? For they tell me that almost always he comes out victor."

She stopped, as if to think of what she had said rather than of what she was going to say.

"I've been fighting against him an entire year—ever since last summer. He seems to grow. But the end of your story?"

She turned to him absently.

"O, the two are yet fighting and—and—" here a beautiful smile transfigured her face, "the man will have to accept defeat, I am afraid!"

"Do you mean—?"

"I mean that millionaires can corner everything but true love!"

In some mysterious fashion, she ended the sentence in his embrace.

And the sea forgot to mock. Or, perhaps they forgot to listen.



Prayer

[From "The Rhyme of the Great River."]

IT seems to me a selfish thing
To pray forever for one's self;
It seems to me like heaping pelf
In heaven by hard reckoning.

Joaquin Miller

A Chat in the Smoking Car

By FRANK PUTNAM

"YES, I," says he, "am a Bostonese, my father was one before;
And his grandsire was Cap'n or higher in 1774."

"My friend," I says, "I would fain inquire concerning a man deceased;
A man, I suppose, whom *everyone* knows, or knows *of*, here in the East."

"His name?" says he. "Was Holmes," I says, in my guileless Western way.
"A lot of 'em here," says he, "but I fear *this* man was before my day."

"He wasn't in hides, for I've scanned the list; and he wasn't in wool, I know."
"A poet," I says, "as I recall." "O, *that*," says he with a grin, "was all of a hundred years ago!"

"Our sires were proud of the odes and things that the Cambridge fellows made;
But pshaw! to-day, in a *business* way, we lay 'em clear in the shade."

"We talk less now than we formerly did of our sacred Pilgrim birth;
But we tan and pull more hides and wool than any place else on earth!"

"We have more banks than Chicago—and every one of 'em sound;
And I am not rash when I say our cash is busy the whole world 'round."

"Our sires," says he, as he rose, "were prone to monument Holmes' kind;
His stone, no doubt, if you look about, should be easy enough to find."

"I'll keep it in mind when I get back home, and you may have news from me;
If I should happen to land the chap, I'll drop you a line," says he.

"No, no," I says, "don't waste your time—I certainly shan't waste mine—
In hunting the bones of a man whose tones still bide with us brave and *fine*."

"But I grieve to see," I says, and I did, as he gave me a parting grip
"That the only genuine Puritan men live west of the Mississipp."

Studies of Books and Their Makers

The Intellectual Palsy of Rudyard Kipling

THERE have been few sadder tragedies at the century's end than the intellectual eclipse of Rudyard Kipling. He is no longer a poet: he is a mere shabby jingo politician. At his best, in "The Seven Seas," he was the greatest poet of his generation. His decline dates from the day he became the advocate of the murderous and inhuman war policy of Joe Chamberlain. He reached his top level in "The Recessional," fell off fifty per cent in "The Man That Walks Like a Bear," which though powerful was merely provincial, the guttural utterance of a born peasant; dropped perilously near the bottom in the vulgar Cockney jingle of "Pay, Pay, Pay," and has now crawled in the gutter, an object too mean for the ragged vagabond of letters to envy, in his latest utterance of which the following from the "London Times" is a sample:

*"Once more our arms in Africa have got
another check:
Benson's command is what you might call
a total wreck.
Look at the maddening figures. Benson
killed outright,
And eight other gallant officers also killed
in fight,
Forty-eight non-commissioned officers and
men,
Who fell upon the veldt and will never
get up again.
The question, my lords and gentlemen,
that I here ask of you,
Is, What are you going to do about it, eh?
What are you going to do?
We thought we had Botha pocketed, with
a paltry three hundred men,
And the first we knew he was up and at
us again.
We sneered at them, called them guerillas,
and didn't think that they*

*Would cast a shadow of any size on our
coronation day.*

*But now we've found, as we've found
before, that there's something wrong,
That instead of being guerillas, they're
an army still and strong,
And the question that must be answered,
the question that's up to you,
Is, What are you going to do about it, eh?
What are you going to do?"*

No poet can lift his song above the level of its inspiration. This is the old lesson, taught anew. It is a significant fact that this Boer war has been a stumbling block to every English poet who has attempted to speak of it for his people—to Swinburne in his shrieking sonnet dripping gore, to Alfred Austin in his eternally ludicrous ballad, "Jamieson's Ride," to Kipling in all that he has said of it. Henley and Watson, the only English poets capable of speaking for the England that slumbers in the tombs of Tennyson and Gladstone, have kept silence—not great enough to utter needed rebuke, but too great to go the length of glorifying the butchery of the Boers. It is the same in all times, all lands. Our politicians and far-sighted, cool-blooded commercial economists may explain the race's necessity for the obliteration of the little peoples by the sword in the hands of the strong ones, but the poets find no inspiration to noble song in that alleged necessity. Our own war upon the Filipinos has evoked no poetry worthy the name, save that of protest. William Vaughan Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation" is the one remarkable utterance by an American poet inspired by the war with Spain. Some quotable ballads and a lyric or two concerning Dewey's Manila victory and the dash of the "Oregon," but nothing fit to take rank in an anthology of the best

American poetry. Kipling is dead, and our own poets are drugged. The nineteenth century left Tennyson and Whitman as a legacy to the twentieth. When the new century has absorbed these masters, it may be granted a poet of its own. We are now in the shadow of war, which is the twilight of song.

Frank Putnam

The Teachings of Dante: A New Note

MORE books have been written about Dante's great poem than about any other single literary work. Translations, commentaries and new editions come pouring in, faster of late than ever. Now and then a new note is added to the commentaries, fresh light is thrown into the darkness of some deep thought; but seldom is an entirely new point of view taken; rarely is new light thrown over all of Dante, new meaning and application given to the whole masterpiece. This is what is done in "The Teachings of Dante." Mr. Dinsmore has almost given us a new Dante. He has at least given Dante to a new world of readers. Though noble as literature, it is still not the form, but the matter and purpose of Dante which is of supreme worth. That purpose was religious—to lead men to the highest good. But the world had quite forgotten it. "The Teachings of Dante" is a voice crying in the wilderness; a voice calling us back across the centuries to a new study of the great Tuscan teacher. Mr. Dinsmore's book will be a stimulus not only to ministers and those interested in religious thought, but to the literary student of Dante as well. The clearness and vigor of the master has touched the author's style. It is strong, swift and finished; and the presentation, free from technicalities, is full of ease and charm. *Dallas Lore Sharp*

The Negro Problem Stated In a Negro's Novel

WHAT Booker Washington is to his race in the field of practical endeavor, and Paul Dunbar in lyric song, Charles W. Chesnutt is in fiction—a leader. Not all that he has written has pleased his brothers in black. He has not spared their follies, nor glossed over their grave faults. His aim has been to present conditions impartially, with the air of one sure that all present abuses on either side of the race problem will be cured by the slow processes of time. In "The Marrow of Tradition," Mr. Chesnutt portrays the life of a Southern small city, with especial reference to the part taken therein by the negroes—the slavish servility of some; the rankling hot resentment of others who feel themselves human and resent the denial of human rights; the strong patient striving of yet others to better the conditions of their kind; the desperate despair of all when assailed by a maddened white mob bent on "teaching the niggers their place." On the other hand is shown the survival, in some of the white personages, of the old patriarchal spirit, holding the negro as an eternal menial—something better than brute, something less than human; an affectionate dependable dumb animal in domesticity, a ravaging wild creature when bitten by the unnatural new desire for equal manhood with his white masters. The "poor white"—the Tillman stripe of "nigger-driving" politician—is here, a vulgar swaggerer among gentlemen, who tolerate him as the lesser of two evils. "The Marrow of Tradition" has been likened to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is a better story than "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—less melodramatic. It deals with conditions which, if they do not any longer menace national integrity, do call for the fullest and most free discussion. The southern states, having limited and in some cases abolished by

statute the negro's constitutional right to vote, have by that act assumed guardianship of the inferior race. The nation did not make the negro slave a man when it made him a citizen; that task in large part remains to be completed by the negro, under the guidance or against the opposition of the southern states. Mr. Chesnutt's novel will contribute to the general result by recalling the North's wandering attention to its duty in the premises. *Arthur McIlroy*



Boston, Japan and Rural England In Romance

THREE of the most notable novels of the season are the work of American women. In "Margaret Warrener," Alice Brown depicts the life of a Boston "bohemian"; in a "A Japanese Nightingale," Onoto Watanna, otherwise Winifred Eaton, writes pure romance, the scene being laid in Japan; in "The Making of a Marchioness," Frances Hodgson Burnett writes what is aptly termed a "society fairy tale," the scene being laid in an English country house. Squads and companies and regiments of novels march past the reviewing stand; only a few command more than cursory attention—those which have the quality of individuality. Of this class are the three widely dissimilar novels here grouped for contrast's sake. Miss Brown's Boston bohemians are not like any other bohemians one may have seen elsewhere, but that doubtless is the result of environment; how could anyone be *really* bohemian in the shadow of the New England conscience? These Boston bohemians—pale shadows of Henri Murger's immortal company—dwell in an atmosphere of tragedy; their fun is not genuine; their passions lack intensity and courage—all save one. The men are weak creatures; the women are vastly

better company. Margaret Warrener—she whom the book glorifies—is a superb woman; her rival, an absurd creature, a caricature most hateful to her creator. The story is well knitted together, has power, holds the reader, but, considered as a transcript from life, tends to melancholy. Its real value is as a gallery of portraits. Only two of the portraits are beautiful, but all are human enough to be interesting.

"A Japanese Nightingale" lacks the air of verity that characterizes John Luther Long's Japanese stories—not to mention the incomparably superior tales and sketches of Lafcadio Hearn. You are not certain that the "Nightingale" is really Japanese, spite of the dialect and the stage settings; but, as the story progresses, you forget your doubts, for you are in the land of Romance—where parochial distinctions go for naught, and only elemental manhood and womanhood have any significance. A swift little story, alternately fragrant with playful loves and tense with tragedy; excellent comedy in it, too. Harpers have given the story a beautiful dress. The wide-margined pages are decorated with Japanese fancies from the pen of the artist Genjiro Yeto; three of the prettiest situations are depicted in full-page drawings in colors; the cover is a shower of cherry blossoms.

For the reviewer, Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Making of a Marchioness" is a pleasant hour. Likely enough, the public at the year's end will vote it "the most delightful fiction of the year." It is charmingly not-strenuous; it is not historical; it is not long or wordy; it is not gloomy; it is not super-heroical; in short, it lacks almost all the faults of fiction as novelists of the present generation are writing it. It lacks even the faults of Mrs. Burnett's "Fauntleroy" and her "Lady of Quality." It is, in brief, her most nearly perfect production. The people of the play are the

hostess, Lady Maria; three women who wish to capture a wary titled bachelor; a girl who never for a moment dreams *she* might be in the race—(pardon the figure of speech, but one is simply forced to employ it in describing affairs of this kind)—and the friends, in silks and calico, of these persons.

The heroine of the story is Emily Fox-Seton, a young woman variously designated by her intimates as "poor Emily" and "that poor thing"—all because she lacks money; she possesses the price-less pearl of an unselfish heart, purity and gentleness are hers, and in the end, *graciously* to her own surprise, though not to that of the reader, she wins the grand matrimonial prize without making a conscious effort for it.

All proposals of marriage are of course vastly entertaining to the persons directly concerned; there are a few sufficiently novel to merit the attention of one whose curiosity in this direction has been satisfied, and one of the latter class is the proposal made by Lord Walderhurst to Emily Fox-Seton.

Thad Paul

Grim Humor of the Men Who Sail the Sea

W. W. JACOBS confirms his high rank as humorist and story-teller in "Light Freights." This collection of stories of sea-faring folk is the best book of humor out this year. The slight tales grip the interest, quite apart from their farcical developments, but their chief merit is in their laughter-provoking quality. The book is one to have handy for an otherwise idle half hour spent with pipe in teeth and feet on fender. It is a cure for melancholy, a tonic for the blues. Dodd, Mead & Co. have done a service to a world that reads too much and laughs too little in bringing out "Light Freights."

R. W.

Some of the New Books

- "MINETTE," a story of the first crusade; by George F. Cram. Illustrations by Waldo Bowser and F. D. Schook. John W. Iliff & Co., Chicago, publishers. \$1.50.
- "MARGARET WARRENER," novel; by Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers. \$1.50.
- "A HOUSE PARTY: An Account of the Stories Told at a Gathering of Famous American Authors, the Story Tellers Being Introduced by Paul Leicester Ford." Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, publishers. \$1.25.
- "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE," romance; by Onoto Watanna. Illustrated in colors by the Japanese artist Genjiro Yeto. Harper & Bros., New York, publishers. In a box, \$2, net.
- "BEFORE THE DAWN," a story of Russian life thirty years ago; by Pimenoff-Noble. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers. \$1.50.
- "OUR NATIONAL PARKS," by John Muir. Contents: The wild parks and forest reservations of the West; the Yellowstone National Park; the wild gardens of the Yosemite park; among the animals of the Yosemite; among the birds of the Yosemite; the fountains and streams of the Yosemite; the Sequoia and General Grant National parks; the American forests. Photographic illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers. \$1.75, net.
- "A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY," by James K. Hosmer. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston, publishers. \$1.20, net.
- "THE TEACHINGS OF DANTE," by Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers.
- "WHITE APRONS," a romance of Bacon's Rebellion; by Maud Wilder Goodwin. The third in point of time in the series of historical romances written by Mrs. Goodwin, the others being "The Head of a Hundred," and "Sir Christopher." Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers. \$1.50.
- "FERNLEY HOUSE," novel; by Laura E. Richards. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston, publishers. \$1.25.
- "THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL IN BOOKS," by Lillian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers. \$1.
- "THE RIGHTS OF MAN: A STUDY IN TWENTIETH CENTURY PROBLEMS; by Lyman Abbott, D. D. Contents: The Conflict of the Centuries; The Growth of Democracy; Political Rights; Industrial Rights; Educational Rights; Religious Rights; The American Democracy; American Domestic Problems; American Foreign Problems; The Perils of Democracy; Safeguards; The Goal of Democracy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers. \$1.50, net.
- "MR. MUNCHHAUSEN: AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS RECENT ADVENTURES;" by John Kendrick Bange. Noyes, Platt & Co., Boston, publishers. Illustrated by Peter Newell. \$1.50.
- "D'RI AND I," novel; by Irving Bacheller. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers.
- "DORIS KINGSLEY, CHILD AND COLONIST," novel; by Emma Rayner. Illustrated by W. B. Davis. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, publishers.
- JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, a Biography; by Horace E. Scudder. With portraits and illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers. Two volumes, \$3.50, net.
- "WILD LIFE NEAR HOME," nature stories; by Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrations in colors by Bruce Horsfall. (Review in February number.) The Century Co., New York, publishers. \$2.00, net.

Triumph of An American Inventor

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AMERICAN supremacy in trade and commerce is at present a very live theme. The story of the national commercial expansion of the United States reads almost like a romance. The student and the philosopher look for the cause—the basis of the towering trade superstructure—and the last analysis brings us to the ingenious Yankee whittling a stick, squinting his eye and—“calculatin’.”

Invention fostered, stimulated and successfully exploited—that tells concisely the story of American supremacy in the markets of the world—and the courage and confidence inspired by this knowledge of a better article or an improved appliance is simply irresistible when the American invader touches a foreign shore. The sneering of a few decades ago has subsided and the “American plan” commands the foremost place among trade systems today.

The mastery of details, the keen incentive to improve the comforts and conveniences of human kind, have been so characteristic of American in-

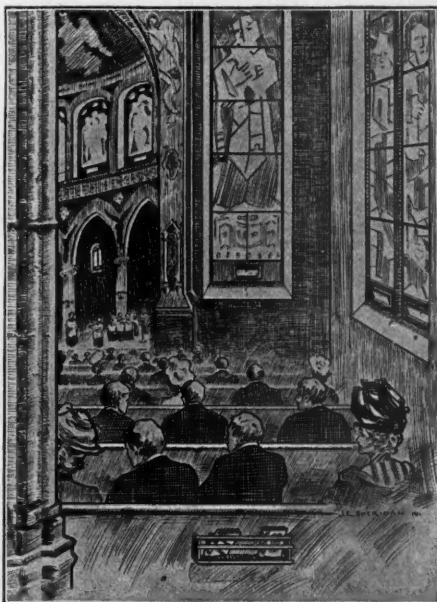
vention that it becomes a great economical as well as an industrial force. The history of American inventions for a half century past would make a tale as fabulous as Columbus' accounts of his discoveries recited at the court of Spain; and by this law of progress the mysteries and miracles of our age become the commonplace necessities of a succeeding generation.

* * *

With fifty-two foreign patents in his pocket Charles Louis Pullman has returned to America, with the world practically conquered for his great automatic ventilator. A simple thing to be sure, but an invention as vital as breath itself;

an invention that perplexes and delights scientists with its wonderful results, and now the admiration of hygienists, and the practical men of affairs who do not forget that air is life and life is air.

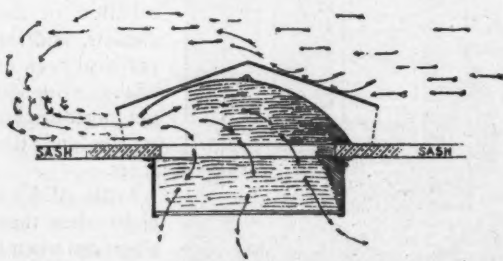
Little did I realize less than a year ago when I first saw this simple device at the White House in Washington, that it would so soon revolutionize the subject of ventilation



throughout the world. The simplicity of the contrivance—an automatic valve so delicately arranged that it closes to keep out the draughts and admits the pure air and exhausts the foul, exactly as human lungs do. The pure air coming in is tested in exact quantity 'by the air meter, registering to one-fifth of a second and displaces and forces out an equal amount of microbe-laden air. The air rush is governed and automatic eddies are utilized in the way that nature intended. A simple valve sensitive to the slightest breath of air, automatically adjusts the admission and expulsion of air under the dainty ornamental hood in the window sash.

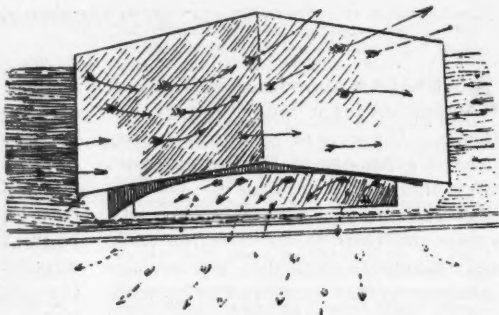
* * *

Now it does not require a technical scientific education to understand the famous Pullman Automatic Ventilator. It is an application of common sense to practical purposes. And yet, simple as it is, it is the result of years of preparation, experience and practical tests growing out of necessities that had to be met in the building of palace railroad cars. Inseparably identified with the



Pullman palace cars is the name of Charles Lewis Pullman, formerly connected with the Pullman Palace Car Company. One problem in building those cars always troubled him, and that was ventilation. Perfect in appointment, equipment and convenience as the

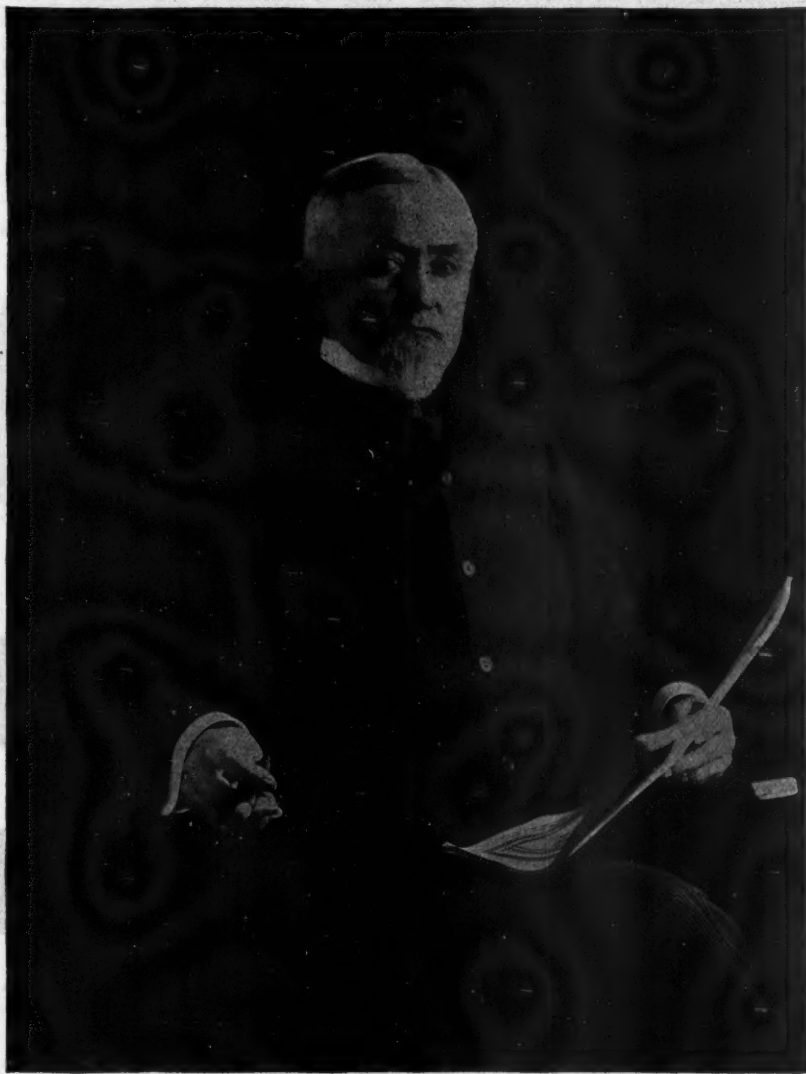
cars could be made, he realized that the vital problem as yet unsolved was how to supply fresh air. During recent years he has concentrated his whole energies on this one subject and has conquered.



And the possibilities of the invention spread far beyond the original intention, for the same pure air required in preserving health in sleeping cars is needed wherever there is life; so that this little hooded valve is now found in the White House, the Capitol, in humble homes and colleges; in palace cars, refrigerator cars and stock cars; made alike and equally useful in solid silver for palaces in London and New York and in galvanized iron for the homes of humbler toilers. In the leading schools of Washington and other large cities the air supply of the children is insured by this device, providing ample resources of oxygen without draughts; and coal bills are reduced, too. In the committee rooms at the Capitol where the nation's laws are made, and where good air and ventilation have been at a premium heretofore,

the little device is availed of—and who can estimate the influence of fresh air in the decision of these great questions of statecraft? In the greenhouses and conservatories, thanks to the automatic ventilator, blossom and shrub greet the sun and breathe deep draughts of

CHARLES LEWIS PULLMAN, INVENTOR OF THE PULLMAN AUTOMATIC VENTILATOR



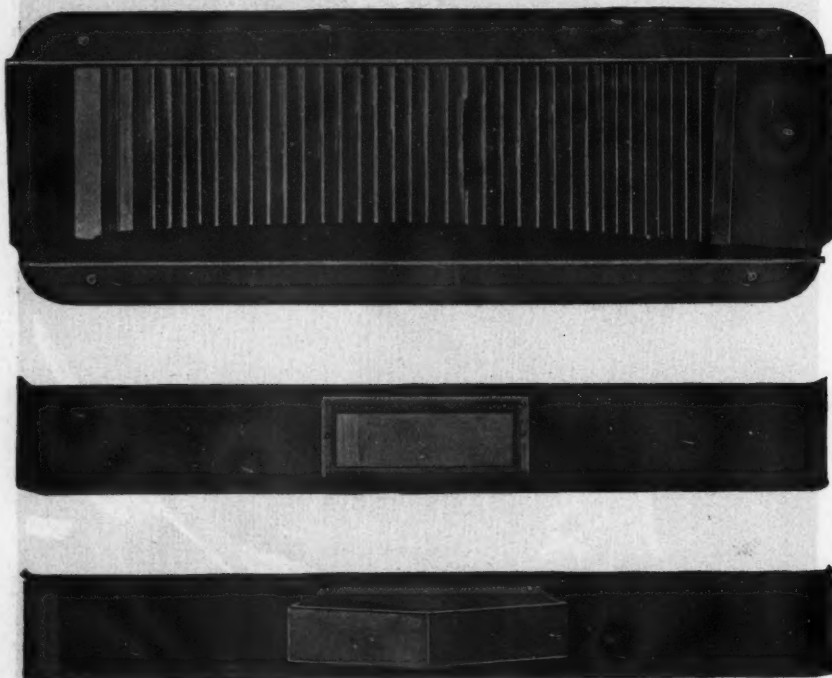
life in pure air without the danger of frosty or withering draughts; in the hospitals, where so much depends upon oxygen in prolonging life and breath until the crisis is past; on the swift ocean greyhounds and shipping of all

kinds—no one need be told of what pure air, penetrating nook and crevice, means to men. Animals, too, are dependent; for even the patient poultry on the perch is quite as susceptible to killing draughts as human beings and thousands of dollars

are lost yearly by not protecting dumb creatures from the fatal onslaughts alike of foul air and draughts, which necessarily affect the very food we eat.

And so the list might be continued; there is no condition in life where pure air is essential that is not met by the Pullman ventilator. Inexpensive, effective and essential, it is only a question of a very short time when its use will be

sands of abandoned models in the patent office have a pathetic story to tell. It is one step to invent a good thing, and another to adapt it to general use and bring it to the attention of the world, that gives or withholds fortune. No invention has been more successfully exploited and brought into general use than the Pullman ventilator. Mr. Pullman has impressed himself upon his



as common as that of glass for windows and latches for doors.

* * *

The tremendous success which has attended the introduction of the Pullman ventilator is, in a large measure, due to the broad and comprehensive manner in which the invention has been exploited. The personality of the inventor, with his long years of practical experience, has counted strongly in its favor. The thou-

undertaking so that it seems as if the invention represented something more than a mere mechanical device. He is a typical American and on his trip abroad in 1901 was given the eminent distinction which his services to mankind merit. The man who was consulted on car equipment by the Czar of Russia, who mingled with lords and baronets, kings, emperors and financial giants, in helping to solve questions of health and conven-

ience in railroad travel and ventilation, remained through it all, a simple Yankee. And when one sees the things which in odd moments he whittles and thinks about—the real foundation of American supremacy is clearly revealed. He cannot help inventing and devising; it is as much a part of his nature as it is to breathe. And when a solid silver ventilator is desired for a London palace it is furnished from the same plans as those destined to the humble cottage, for after all human needs are the same in the fundamentals—the differences are only in ornamentation after all.

* * *

The consideration shown Mr. Pullman during his trip abroad and the keen zest and interest taken in the organization and exploitation of foreign companies is not only a compliment to the man, but to the nation he so nobly represents and typifies. In a few months the ventilators are in use in Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and all the countries in Europe, a real conquest of the

distribution of comforts and prosperity to the invaded people. It is truly inspiring to walk up Cheapside or Holborn Way toward the Bank of England and see the forestry of signs or ensigns blazon-



ing the names of American firms representing all lines of trade, and to see in the windows the popular favor won by American shoes and wares of all kinds. The sceptre is passing from Paris. Now it is the "Broadway style" that is sought for by stores in other cities—and this is only the foundation of what is to follow. All this is interesting because Mr. Pullman in his visit did not by any means confine himself to the exploitation of his own invention. That seemed to take care of itself after the attention of the proper parties had been called to it. The Times, "The Thunderer," gave his advice columns of editorial comment, when he made suggestions as to how to handle the rush of traffic and said a good word for Charles T. Yerks in his gigantic plans. He suggested the harnessing of the four-mile tide of



world. The American industrial invader knows the world face to face. The Spanish Armada was an attempted conquest by arms, but the American invasion brings with it the message of peace and a

the Thames for manufacturing purposes and in every way interested the English cousins in the American way of looking at the many-sided industrial and commercial problems of the day.

One of the most tender and simple tributes paid to the memory of our late beloved McKinley was by Mr. Pullman and published generally in the English papers. It had that ring of sincerity and heartfelt personal appreciation that touches the best and noblest feelings which all mankind have in common.

* * *

There are few if any inventions that cover more foreign rights than the Pullman ventilator and this of itself is a

can enterprise when it comes into sharp competition with that of the Kaiser's own people. The patent issued by the Sultan of Turkey is an interesting document, and that of the Island of Malta recalls the days of Paul's shipwreck and brings the great ages of the past into close touch with modern progress as exemplified in American invention.

Foreign countries seemed to comprehend and realize Mr. Pullman's position, that business and commercial success is not a one-sided transaction. The basis

of it all is co-operation—give and take—benefits which cannot congest in any one place when an article or contrivance is of tested universal advantage.

Mr. Pullman first demonstrated the necessities of better ventilation; when that was achieved the Pullman ventilator did the rest, and the amalgamation of interests soon followed, as naturally as men accept the fact that the air we breath belongs in common to the human race.

* * *

There have been other startling and revolutionizing inventions, the product of the century just closed—steamboats, railways, telegraphs, telephones are wonders which history has given their proper preeminence, but in all these achievements the law of equity prevails—where gains are made in one



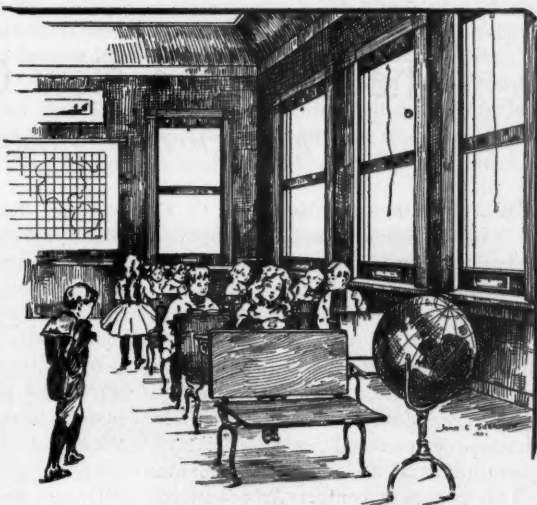
splendid endorsement of its intrinsic and universal merits, for it is no easy matter to have an invention accepted in fifty-two countries, as those who have tried it will testify. When the gauntlet of a German patent is run it means a great deal, for no country is more rigidly determined to check the tide of Ameri-

direction losses are made in others. In the rush of commercial and industrial activities man and beast have been huddled in business and manufacturing centres, working together in a hive and housed like bees in hotels, apartments and tenements. In all this concentrating process the most vital factor of life

has been slighted. Statistics show that more lives are lost through impure air and improper ventilation, than in all the accidents of commercial activities or in the horrors of warfare.

* * *

This is the problem met by the Pullman ventilator. It utilizes God's own breath and sustenance for the human race; it gives fuel to the living and heart to keep up the pace; it applies Nature's own method of breathing the pure air of heaven into human lungs instead of forcing it by blowers and superficial process. It handles pure air as a product of Nature rather than as a product drawn from a reservoir in hot or cold draughts. When the final results



are determined and the human equation considered, the wonders of the industrial age will in no wise outshine the beneficent effects accomplished by the

Pullman ventilator in conserving human energies for carrying out great purposes. An invention as broad and comprehensive as the air itself with no mysteries beyond the principle of living and breathing. Mr. Pullman has given the world an invention that will outshine even the gorgeous luxury of the palace car, and will give him an enduring place in the hall of fame among the distinguished American inventors, who have been the foundation of American supremacy in these times. We are a world-power because the vital necessities of life have been met and provided in a practical and efficient way.

If you are interested in this vital subject of ventilation, write The Pullman Ventilator Company, Washington, D. C. They have made a noteworthy conquest.

The Rise of a New Oil King

By *MITCHELL MANNERING*

YES, there he was, the same C. F. King—a few months ago a popular, versatile and well-known newspaper man—now president of the three million dollar King-Crowther Corporation which has attracted the attention of men of affairs throughout the entire country within a few weeks. The real romance of this age is found in a study of those picturesque personalities who lead its great industrial and trade movements.

This twentieth century American romance has its field in the phenomenal development of the prodigally rich resources of the continent. It is the romance of brains and the dollar, succeeding the artificial romance of so-called chivalry of the sword and the coat of mail. It is the romance which has developed among its heroes Carnegie and Rockefeller, Edison and McKinley, Morgan and James J. Hill, and a long list of names which will be as familiar to future generations as those of "Richard of the Lion Heart," and the Cid are to-day. It is the romance first recorded in the daily journals of the time, those journals whose pages reflect life as life was never before reflected.

The intelligent practice of daily journalism opens to its follower the doors of a hundred avocations and fits him for success therein. Few men have practiced journalism more intelligently or to better purpose than C. F. King, and his friends all agree that few if any are more deserving of fortune's smiles. It has been said that his newspaper training peculiarly fitted him for the great work which he has accomplished in the exploitation of the great oil fields owned and controlled

by the King-Crowther Corporation. Much more truly might it be said (and here is a valuable pointer for others who are beginning as he began) that with open eyes and with keen foresight, he selected that opening out of journalism where his peculiar training was sure to bring him the largest measure of success, and that he then brought to bear in the new field the same tireless energy that characterized his work in journalism. He set his mark early and went to it, as others have done and others still may do if they have but the shrewdness to seize an opportunity when it offers and the courage to hold on. This, after all, is the point of largest interest in the careers of successful men, that they show how others who fail might have enjoyed like success by the application of qualities which they allow to lie dormant.

It should not be thought that Mr. King's rise to the rank of one of the oil kings of the day was rapid—that it was a sudden growth. It was not so. Rather, it was the final fruit of the hard and purposeful work of years, during which he was preparing himself by doing his best in every task that came to his hand, to make the most of the larger opportunity which is sure to come once to every such man, and which came to Mr. King when the Texas oil fields were opened.

Now, in discussing the Texas oil fields, it should be borne in mind that there are two kinds of these wells—those which send up fuel oil and those whose output is of the finer grade, suitable for use as illuminant. Illuminating oil has a fixed market at \$1 or more per barrel, and the standard market price for fuel oil is yet

to be established. It was Mr. King's keen newspaper grasp of this distinction that enabled him to make a fortune in a few months.

It was only in August last that Sam Crowther, coming to Boston to interest capital for the development of the vast

luminant oil fields which he had discovered while drilling artesian wells in Texas, met Mr. King and told him his story. For seven years Sam Crowther had been patiently drilling, buying, leasing, testing, biding his time until he had a total area of 142 square miles under his

C. F. KING

From Photograph by Chickering, Boston

control—all practically proven oil land. Mr. King read the situation quickly and acted.

The keen-eyed newspaper man soon had his plans ready, and in less than two months the King-Crowther Corporation, having come into possession of this new Eldorado, had an ample equipment of machinery and was one of the most widely known and best advertised oil properties in America. Mr. King threw the whole force of his personality into this undertaking, and working incessantly day and night, soon had the great Corporation organized and under way—and its record-beating success is now a matter of commercial history.

It was the way he went at it that attracted attention. In the first place, he knew what he had. No glittering prospectuses were issued. He simply advertised in a direct and positive way, and told the people just what he knew and all that he knew. Men with capital were quickly interested and the stock rapidly advanced from 50 cents per share to 75 cents, and from 75 cents to \$1.00, (par), within two months after the company was incorporated, and his office, under the shadow of the historic old State House, has become the busiest place in Boston's financial Wall Street.

What he has accomplished makes an interesting study of the development of such a career. It shows plainly how causes lead to effects.

The young newspaper correspondent, whose first success was a "scoop" for his string of metropolitan papers in reporting a big railroad wreck on the old Richmond and Danville Railroad in North Carolina, then evinced the same strong personality that carried through successfully his later achievements. He was the first correspondent on the scene, and kept the single wire from the other papers by supplying the operator with copy from an old newspaper, while he was out hustling for more facts and particulars. His

significant message: "Dead copy—more live to follow" was a cue that was understood in the newspaper office, and when returning from another visit to the scene of the wreck, he found the telegraph operator sending out the last lines of a spring poem from the old paper, he soon placed on the wire a thrilling, accurate and comprehensive story of the terrible disaster, with details for his entire string of afternoon papers, through the South, East and West, all of which were thus enabled to publish a most complete and accurate account within a few hours of its occurrence.

This splendid work won for him a note of commendation from the late Charles A. Dana of the New York "Sun" and attracted the attention of many leading journalists who kept an eye on this aggressive young North Carolina correspondent, who had already made his old home of Charlotte prominent in the press dispatches all over the country.

Few can realize the wonderful amount of valuable advertising which such correspondents as young King have given the cities which carry the date line of their contributions. Despite the animadversions of the mossbacks which exist in every community, they are a great factor in bringing a city into social, political and commercial prominence, and in developing its industrial resources. The ultra-conservative will stand back and mutter, "Why, you are making our town notorious for all its crimes and epidemics," overlooking the fact that there is nothing that is news but has its lights and shadows, and that active news-gatherers must be equally alert to all the events of the hour. Long after Mr. King had left Charlotte, a stray piece of news from that section was commented upon—"Where was C. F. King?—That was good enough for three columns in the New York papers and here it is only a dozen lines." He knew news—he discovered news—and his "volcanic erup-

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE THREE MILLION DOLLAR KING-CROWTHER CORPORATION

From a flashlight photograph by Glines, made for "The National Magazine."



Walker F. Moore. John Findlater, Jr. W. R. Usher. Calvin W. Clart. C. F. King. O. E. Lewis. C. C. Ehrman. Sam Crowther.

tion" story is still a classic in Asheville.

He had a thorough experience in newspaper work, covering every department in a local paper, and serving his apprenticeship in a laboratory and library, where human nature and a keen appreciation of affairs and men were his text books. The early struggles of this lad of nineteen laid the foundation of his later career. He had owned and controlled newspapers and made the personality of his work count.

Large opportunities soon presented themselves, and he was always ready. The leading papers of Atlanta and St. Louis were soon in quest of his work, but it was his strong executive ability that most impressed them.

He organized and conducted a special car expedition through Texas for the St. Louis "Republic," and in his unselfish loyalty to his friends and his employers, he was laying the sure and certain foundation of his own great success. The signal success of these various undertakings and the private car tour which he conducted later to Colorado for the Scripps-McRae League was given a national prominence in the press reports of the day.

In 1897 he came to Boston and inaugurated the "Idler's" column in the Boston "Traveler." While the frank purpose of this column was advertising, and was so understood by the readers, it became a popular feature of the newspaper, always looked forward to with keen interest by readers and advertisers alike.

He organized the New England Newspaper League, consisting of many of the larger newspapers and a car load of New England journalists were soon en route on an "eighty-day tour"—not around the world, as Jules Verne would have it—but to observe at first hand the great resources of the fair Southland.

It is needless to say that under the chaperonage of Mr. King, the party re-

ceived a royal reception all through Dixie, and the public, through the observations of this party of correspondents, were given a strong impression of southern hospitality. His greatest journalistic achievement, however, was his tour of the West for the Great Eastern Newspaper League, consisting of papers like the New York "Sun," the Boston "Journal," Philadelphia "Times," Baltimore "Herald," and Chicago "Inter-Ocean." Without doubt this was the most elaborate tour of newspaper correspondents ever attempted. It consumed nearly ten months, during which time every city through the middle West and the Pacific coast were visited. They did not merely pass through the cities, but remained long enough to make personal observations for thorough descriptive articles, and the exacting nature of such a campaign can best be understood when it is stated that of all the party, Mr. King and the chef in the special car, purchased outright from the Pullman Company, were the only men who made the complete tour without a break. The series of articles written by this party were the most complete ever printed descriptive of the boundless West.

These facts are all of interest as leading up to his achievements with the King-Crowther Corporation, which, while it occupied in itself but a few months, was the result of a broad and comprehensive knowledge of the entire country, and of the evolution of its great manufacturing and transportation interests.

It was while resting from this arduous ten months' newspaper touring campaign last August, that Mr. King met in Boston Sam Crowther, and listened patiently to the story of his discovery. To an ordinary person this story would, no doubt, have been instantly classed among the many exaggerations of the day and dismissed without consideration. But Mr. King saw in the personality of the Texas artesian well driller, unmistakable evi-

dence of sincerity and honesty of purpose, and after many earnest conferences, articles of agreement were drawn up and the signatures of both duly affixed, and at that moment the King-Crowther Corporation was born.

Since the signing of that agreement, fifteen complete carloads of drilling rigs, pipe and other equipment have been delivered at the scene of operations and development work is proceeding at a rate which at once begets unbounded confidence in the enterprise.

The advertising of the King-Crowther Corporation, as personally directed by Mr. King, has been thorough and aggressive. First page space has been none too good for him, and all daily newspapers of reputation and standing have been used. In this connection it can truthfully be said that he has made a practical demonstration of the power and value of up-to-date advertising.

Demand for stock of the King-Crowther Corporation dates from the first day the Boston office was opened, and the price of stock has been advanced from time to time. Newspaper readers have been kept posted in regard to every move in the development of the corporation's vast properties, and the facts have been presented in a direct, colloquial way that inspired confidence. There have been no circus alliterations nor red ink prospectus phrasing. In his public announcements, Mr. King has stated what he meant and the advertisements have been permeated with his strong personality, rugged courage, and honesty, until the people already look upon them as the leading manifesto of the legitimate oil situation, for they have a ring of truth and are convincing.

In the management of the King-Crowther Corporation Mr. King is surrounded by a strong board of directors, many of whom were men of affairs during his childhood days. It is understood that the combined personal wealth

of this board foots up to nearly two million dollars.

And this is why C. F. King, erstwhile popular, aggressive and widely known newspaper man, now wears the title of "the new oil king," and has made a fortune within a few months. And yet he remains the same C. F. King, whose pen has so often served the interests of others in the financial and industrial world—with this exception: the value of his autograph is enhanced—signing articles is all well enough in its way, but the ability to sign checks and valuable stock certificates, it must be confessed, is a privilege not displeasing to those who court the Muse or follow in the footsteps of Greeley.

The biographers of to-day catch the reflection of the spirit of the times in the close analysis of the career of the men who have not alone won fortunes, but were equipped by ability and training to recognize, sieze and exploit the opportunities in industrial life which are so often passed by unnoticed by men of equal education and greater capital.

The greatest American fortunes have been made in illuminating oil. The discovery of the Texas fields, the greatest fuel oil fields in the world, has added immensely to the national wealth and will give many new names to the list of American financial kings.

But to none of these has fortune been kinder than to C. F. King and his associates, who have obtained possession of the very cream of the Texas oil field, the rich belt of illuminating oil territory. Oil mines itself; its owners need only to give it an exit and it flows to the surface in streams that have a value as staple as the gold coin of the realm.

The experiences of the past makes it easy for them to procure all the capital they may need to develop their property. They need not wait upon the building of factories to dispose of their product; their oil is staple wherever a lamp is used.

The Isthmian Canal, the Subsidy Bill and a Mighty Navy

By JOHN C. COOMBS

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Continuation of an article begun in our Export Number last month, on "Australia, the Ship Subsidy Bill and a Mighty Navy." So much as was published in the former issue was subdivided under the captions: "To Australia," "Of Australia," "Australia and America." The remainder concerning the Ship Subsidy Bill and a Mighty Navy is now presented under the heading as below.

IV.

TO AMERICANS

THREE bills are paramount for the consideration of the American congress.

They are: An Isthmian Canal, a Greater Navy, a Ship Subsidy.

The first of these is in the interest of all commerce and especially of commerce between our Atlantic coast and the Orient, and everybody seems to be in favor of a canal. But the United States will have to bear the greater part or all of the enormous cost, and if we have no merchant marine, there are few who would think the expenditure justified for military and naval purposes alone.

The second,—the question of a greater navy—is governed in a large measure by the same consideration.

Washington, in an early message to congress said—[and perhaps for the benefit of Australians who may not be so familiar, it should be explained that George Washington is the most distinguished of all Americans living or dead and always told the truth (not that this was his only distinction or that he is distinguished from all other Americans for that reason alone)]—Washington said:

"To an active external commerce the protection of a naval force is indispensable."

And it is submitted, that is about all the purpose for which it is indispensable.

For people who have no external commerce, a battleship is as useful as a police force on Sahara, or an Isthmian Canal. In fact, the naval forces of the world should be limited to the policing of the seas for the protection of the merchant marine. The very nomenclature of a navy, such as torpedo boat, gun-boat, cruiser destroyer and battleship, is repugnant to the humanitarian spirit of civilization. Commerce in troublous times may need convoys, and these may be very powerful fighters, but their business is to keep the peace. It is true you may call a thousand men a police force or a regiment, but it makes all the difference in the world to an American which you *do* call them.

This is the test, combined usefulness and economy.

So, on the question of the mightiness of our navy, the answer is to be found in the measure of what is useful, in what is indispensable for the protection of an active external commerce.

Now how is it with us? The whole merchant marine of the United States is variously estimated to be worth from \$215,000,000 to \$235,000,000, while our present navy, with the additions asked for by the Department, will stand to cost more.

While our total tonnage of merchant ships amounts to nearly 5,000,000, the most of it is not of a high class, so that

only about one-sixth of it, or less than 800,000 tons, is registered for foreign trade, and much of this is trade between the countries in the western hemisphere, and the cargoes are not of a very valuable kind.

Indeed, while we carry in American bottoms only about eleven or twelve per cent in value of our foreign trade, we seem to carry a very much larger, perhaps twice the above, percentage in the tonnage of it. Very likely the cargoes do not average to exceed the tonnage of the ships and are not worth more than half as much, or \$25 a ton. So that the value of our entire tonnage in foreign trade, ships and cargoes at any one time can be safely estimated not to exceed \$50,000,000.

And still advocates of a larger navy think we want one to cost \$250,000,000, mainly to protect this \$50,000,000 in foreign trade. On land, this would mean five policemen to every laborer.

In comparison with it, attention is called to Norway, whose merchant marine, independently of Sweden, is nearly a million and three quarters tons, and is second in size only to that of Great Britain, America and Germany.

Norway has no battleships, she has four coast defence ships, eighteen or twenty gunboats and cruisers, and in all seventy-five heavy guns. Sweden's navy is but little stronger and yet the merchant marine of Norway and Sweden is about as large as that of Russia and France combined, the naval armament of which last named countries is supposed to rival that of Great Britain herself, who has more than half the international carrying trade of the world.

But it may be urged that the premise of all this is erroneous and that we want a navy not so much to protect our merchant marine in time of peace as to destroy our enemies in time of war.

Very likely we might. Most people think they want a good many things

they can't afford, and so have to go without, especially children who want playthings.

Economy is the universal arbiter. It is not the gun, nor the man behind the gun but the money and good sense behind both and without which we can have neither. "For wisdom is a defence and money is a defence."—Ec. 7:12.

It is also urged that a powerful navy is necessary to protect our rich ports. This is the navy looking at the ports through the wrong end of the telescope, and it does not get a view broad enough to include coast defence. Fortified ports are necessary to protect the merchant marine and the navy as well. We can have impregnable ports without a navy, but no country can have a navy without ports of refuge for it.

Once more: It is said that we want a navy because "trade follows the flag." It does from the masthead of a merchantman, not a battleship. It will follow a bottle but not a blunderbuss.

Again it is said that a mighty navy enables us to make demonstrations and enforce settlements abroad. That isn't true as against the strong nations, our equals or superiors on the sea, and as against the weak and helpless, perhaps a brave and just people doesn't care to consider it.

It is finally urged that in time of peace we should prepare for war, and that a navy cannot be built in a minute. That argument can't stop; it must go further. We can build a navy quicker than we can create a maritime people to man it, and this last can be done only in the merchant and fishing service.

Nothing of criticism of the size of our navy is herein intended. It is not that the navy should be less but the merchant marine more. And as between the battleship and the merchantman, the man of peace and the man of war, if there must be a choice of disposition for a limited appropriation, and there always must be,

it should go to the merchant ship first and to the battleship afterward, and thus it will ultimately sustain both.

The enormous difference in first cost of a navy and a merchant marine is insignificant in comparison with the difference in results of maintenance. A merchant marine is the most profitable and a navy the most expensive possession of a people.

A Commerce in Decay

A brief review of the rise and fall of American commerce is essential.

At the beginning of the war of 1812, we had nearly 1,500,000 tons. We lost in that war about 275,000 tons and at the close had nearly 1,100,000 tons. From 1826 to 1830 we enjoyed what Mr. Bates, in his book on "American Marine," has called our "climax period." We carried in American bottoms over eighty-six per cent of our own foreign export trade and over ninety-three per cent of our import trade. The next war, that of 1845 with Mexico, did not materially affect our commerce. In fact it did not interrupt our progress. Mexico was not a maritime power.

This progress had not abated when war broke out in Europe between Russia and the Allied Powers, and we had three great years: 1854, 1855, and 1856. In 1855 we built nearly 600,000 tons of merchant marine. Lieutenant Kelley, in his book on "The Question of Ships," says that in 1855 we had 1,300,000 American tons engaged in foreign carrying trade in which the United States had no interest. We carried, at that time, in American bottom, seventy-five per cent of our trade with Europe. We kept on gaining. We were building ships to sell to other countries. The business survived the panic of 1857, and in 1861 we had, in round numbers, 5,540,000 tons of merchant marine afloat, and of such a class that almost 2,500,000 was registered for foreign trade.

All the merchant marine of the world was then divided, substantially, into three parts. We had one-third—the strongest third—England had one-third, and all the rest of the world put together had one-third. Then came the war of the rebellion; and we offered no assurance of protection to our frightened commerce. All men know the unhappy consequence. We came out of that war having actually lost in all, captured or destroyed by Confederate cruisers, only 239 vessels with a total of 104,605 tons.

"In addition, the fear of capture, operating in connection with these other causes, effected the transfer to foreign flags of 774,652 tons, making a total of 879,257 tons of shipping lost to the American merchant marine from the causes recited." (See Executive Document 111, Forty-first Congress, second session, entitled "Foreign Commerce and Decadence of American Shipping.")

Thus the large amount sold, mainly to England, and for fear of capture, was nearly eight times as large as the amount actually molested. If we follow the disastrous consequences down through the years since, they keep on multiplying. Our merchant marine registered for foreign trade is a little less than 800,000 tons, doing business in large part between countries and islands of the western hemisphere. Ten years ago, in 1887, we did only three and one-half per cent of the world's international navigation, and England did fifty and one-half per cent. In 1896 (about the same now) American steamships made voyages between the United States and Europe to the number of 164. The steamships of other nations made 7,116 of such voyages. We had nearly two and one-half per cent of our European steamship trade left to us. That was the decline in a few years of American marine engaged in foreign commerce. For decadence, from first position to almost total extinction, it is perhaps

not equaled in the history of any other enterprise of a people or avocation of men. We, from experience as well as demonstration can, of all people, subscribe to Sir Charles Wilson's declaration: "If there is one point clearer than another in the history of commerce, it is this: That when a state can not effectually protect its carrying trade in time of war that trade passes from it and does not return."

Now, as to the Values Sacrificed.

Ships in themselves are not expensive properties, but their usefulness and earning capacities are immeasurable. Our whole merchant marine can be duplicated for \$225,000,000, and if we will allow it to be in service half the time—that is, if we suppose it to be in service on the sea half the time and traveling a hundred miles a day—our merchant marine could carry as much freight as the entire railroad system. The latter is stocked and bonded at about \$11,000,000,000. The average annual interest and dividends now paid on the railroads would buy outright twice over the whole marine that can do as much. If you were to do away with the domestic marine to-morrow the railroads could not do the business if they would, especially the bulk of that which now goes along the coast.

Let us recall what two authorities thought of the loss of our part of the world's merchant marine as a result of the war of the rebellion.

Mr. Cobden, in the House of Commons, on May 13, 1864, said:

"You have been carrying on hostilities from these shores against the people of the United States, and have been inflicting an amount of damage on that country greater than would be produced by many ordinary wars. It is estimated that the loss sustained by the capture and burning of American vessels has been about \$15,000,000, or £3,000,000. But that is a small part of the injury which

has been inflicted on the American marine. We have rendered the rest of her vast mercantile property for the present valueless.

"Under the system of free trade, by which the commerce of the world is now so largely carried on, if you raise the rate of insurance on the flag of any maritime power, you throw the trade into the hands of its competitors, because it is no longer profitable for merchants or manufacturers to employ ships to carry freights when those vessels become liable to war risks. * * * What with the high rate of insurance, what with these captures, and what with the rapid transfer of tonnage to British capitalists, you have virtually made valueless that vast property. Why, if you had gone and helped the Confederates by bombarding all the accessible seaport towns of America, a few lives might have been lost which, as it is, have not been sacrificed, but you could hardly have done more injury in destroying property than you have by these few cruisers."

The other authority referred to is Charles Sumner, who, in his opposition to the Geneva bill and award estimated our loss at \$3,000,000,000. Even these estimates are altogether inadequate.

It is admitted that the power of Great Britain rests upon a concrete proposition—the power to deliver. For that reason she has become the trader for all peoples. The ability to deliver has given to her merchants a courage to contract to do so. We, in Massachusetts, have to ask her not only the price of Australian wool, but of American also; the price of Colorado silver and of Dakota wheat, and what any two neighbors in any country shall pay, as between each other, for any commodity. Ability to deliver everywhere introduces universal competition in her mart. She has become the commission merchant and broker of the world. All nations pay peaceful tribute at her counter. What is it worth to her? What is the value of that trade which is the climax of all her power and diplomacy?

Well, the international commerce of

to-day amounts to more than eight and a half billions a year, mostly maritime, and more than half of that is carried by Great Britain.

From being common carrier she has naturally become common consignee, with liens for advances, interest, insurance, exchange and participation in the gain and large control of the trade.

Who can conjecture the limits of the direct and indirect profit of it all?

The merchant marine of Great Britain is not only protected by her naval power, but pays for it. For her traffic she floats 15,000,000 tons, of merchant marine; the equal of a pontoon highway ten feet wide around the world. She has inaugurated demonstrations of naval power to show her ability to deliver and to carry out her contracts. Well she may. Mobilize so much of the pontoon as may be fit, and were there an ocean large enough for the manoeuvre, she could equip and wheel in stately line ten full regiments of ships of a thousand tons each on such a muster field. That is, indeed, power—the power of trade; reciprocally, the measure of the force that protects the trade, and the value of the trade that sustains the force, nor does it stop here.

Everybody ascribes England's greatness to her navy and the foreign trade which pays for it.

She has good foothold on the South American continent; holds in conquest the better portion of Asia; is well nigh supreme in Africa; holds both doors to the combined Mediterranean and Red seas, and thus includes the Black; and until the British Channel shall run dry fears nothing from the rest of Europe. She holds in unique suzerainty the northern half of North America and all the new continent of Australia. And for not one inch of all this abroad could she march overland.

More than this, she has not only encouraged, protected and subsidized her

merchant marine directly, but she fortified a chain of coaling stations on every line of traffic, so that alone of the nations and without the consent of any other she can trade and fight all around the world and wherever water can float a flag.

She apparently is ready to offer all the nations who will accept her sovereignty the protection of all this power for nothing. Is it surprising that Australia and Canada accept it? Or can any man foresee the limit of what these examples may portend?

It is conceded that if the United States had equal trade, we, too, would need a mighty navy, and it is conceivable that with our vast resources and land power and our will and ability to maintain the Monroe Doctrine in the whole western world, were we to confederate with Great Britain, and the two countries were willing to unite in offering protection with a measure of representation for alliance, there might be a landslide of the continents toward such a common centre. Four or five great nations might stay out till they had quarrels with each other, in which events, as they occurred, the weaker would invariably come into the fold.

Now what is all this worth? In other words, what is the carrying trade, the most valuable internationally convertible thing in the world, worth?

Do we regret that we had and lost the best part of it, and will we do anything to recover it?

The Remedies

To regain all that has departed from us but two acts are necessary.

(1) *National insurance of the merchant marine as against depredation of public enemies in time of war.*

In May, 1898, near the beginning of the Spanish war, the writer, who was in Washington and had expressed some views of the duty of the government to the merchant marine, was kindly invited

by the Judiciary Committee of the House and by the chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce, to present a plan for the protection of the merchant service as against possible privateers and the navy of Spain and, drafting a bill, was heard upon it by the House Committee, which reported in favor of its passage, but events at Manila and Santiago removed all exigencies for its immediate passage.

The proposition was that the United States should protect the property under its flag, wherever by its sanction that flag may be carried, and as against every hostile human power; and, concretely, that the government should insure the safety of the merchant marine as against depredation by public enemies of the United States in time of war.

This was all simple; so far as the writer knows it was quite new, and as the argument has not been published save in its delivery, extracts from it may be of interest and they are certainly pertinent to the present discussion, for if the national interest in the merchant marine is such as to warrant government insurance in times of need that interest warrants subsidizing in times of peace. For all which reasons there will be no hesitancy to quote here from what was said on the occasion mentioned.

Mr. Bates ascribes the loss of our merchant marine to inadequate *naval* protection in the Civil war as first cause. But, demonstrably, it is not so, but it is due to inadequate government protection, and its continuance is due to want of government fostering and restoring care. No nation on earth can protect its merchant marine in time of war as against any of the other great powers, by sheer force of naval might.

For every ton destroyed in the Civil war, eight tons ran away through fear. The insurance proposed would have been more effective than a navy to save the commerce. We cannot hope, in any

war, for greater naval superiority over an enemy than that which we came to have over the Confederate States in the late rebellion; yet that fact did not check the flight from the flag in any degree. It isn't enough that the risk of remaining under the flag is slight. The risk, whatever it is, belongs to the government.

The helpless, unarmed merchant marine must, to be retained, be subjected to no risk at all. For instance, we cannot hope to rival England in maritime power in fifty years, indeed, if at all. Though England has taken the first place from us, we still easily hold the second; and in respect of the trade of the western hemisphere we stand as well as we stood in 1861. Is there anything that can take the place of power for the preservation of that commerce? It is submitted that there is. It is submitted that the insurance of delivery by a responsible underwriter is as good in commerce as an apparent power to deliver. It is submitted that the guaranty of the United States for safe delivery is better security than the navy of Great Britain without the guaranty. It is believed such insurance would be so availed of by the national faith of true Americans that we should show to the world a ruined commerce renewing even in the very presence of war.

For "Wisdom is a defence and Money is a defence."

One experience should be enough for us.

If we are going to assemble another great merchant marine, let us start right and insure its protection.

The mightiest navy conceivable could not do that as against Great Britain or, for that matter, as against Germany, Russia or France.

National insurance would do it. There will at once arise, however, an objection of first impression that the enormous cost forbids. But it won't cost much. If we are fairly successful in

our wars, it won't cost anything—for we will make the enemy pay it.

That which hurts us most in the loss to the merchant marine we suffered in the Civil war is this, that it was all unnecessary and a mistake. It would not have cost one cent to prevent it. The only thing required was truth to the principles of government, loyalty to the commonweal, and courage to promise in advance the indemnity which the government paid afterward, for we did actually pay to the owners all the direct damage caused by Confederate cruisers. The whole amount did not much, if at all, exceed Mr. Bates' estimate of from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000. It would have cost nothing to promise in advance and to perform afterward, as we did, just what this insurance now asked for would give—protection to everything under the flag anywhere on the sea, and we should have saved to ourselves what we lost, never to regain—the first place in the carrying trade of the world. We paid it when it did no good to pay and when the position was lost.

But it is suggested that the citation is not apt, because the government did not pay out of its treasury but out of damages collected from England.

Technically that is not true, but suppose it were, does that fact afford anything more than a signal example of what the government should do in all cases—insure the ship and collect from the enemy?

And in all foreign wars there could be no question of the liability of the enemy to indemnify. That indemnity should be enforced by the government in its own sovereign right and not as trustee for a class of its subjects. If this be sound, then the payment to the ship owners did not rest morally upon the recovery from England, but potentially upon the government of the United States. It may be said that the weaker powers cannot do this, and it is true;

but fortunately for us the United States does not for itself have to consider the question in that aspect.

But suppose it did and had so insured in the Rebellion and had paid the \$10,000,000 for the 104,000 tons destroyed. Still the 774,000 tons which ran away would not have left us. It was forty per cent of our entire international tonnage. It was as much as our whole international tonnage now, and it fled from our flag because of the absence of any assurance of protection. If we had never received anything from England, let me ask would it not have been wise to pay for what was actually destroyed and retain the eight times as much that ran away? Look at England's merchant marine of to-day and answer.

In this connection, it is pertinent to refer to our privateering and prize laws. For these do further support both the justice and policy of the insurance herein asked. If one of our ships be taken, and retaken before condemnation, the prize is limited to salvage in one-fourth her value, and she is restored to her owner. The rule was the same in recaptures from pirates who had no prize courts in which to get condemnation. If one of our ships be retaken after condemnation, she is all prize and the owner gets nothing. Thus the poor ship owners are destroyed by the unequal taxation for prize to both sides. It is true this isn't limited to poor owners, for the same would be true of a national battleship if captured by an enemy and condemned and then recaptured by another battleship of the original country, she would all go as prize to the recaptors and the very government by and in whose service the recapture was made must surrender her or her proceeds as private property to the lucky officers and men entitled to the prize.

The prize laws were undoubtedly derived through privateering from piracy. No buccaneer could ask for a better code

than our own prize laws. In fact, the rules are practically the same except that we give prize not only of the property captured but head money for all the individual enemies killed—\$200 per capita if their force is superior, and \$100 if inferior to our own in the fight—a bounty on blood for its own sake, to which no organization of pirates ever descended.

No such rules as these are known on land. No city has been given over to sack and loot for centuries.

It is said that sailors will never fight without prize, which assumes that they always will fight for prize, or, in short, all sailors are pirates. This is nonsense. The sailor is as honest and as patriotic as the soldier. And good pay and good pension surely are as attractive as chance rewards for slaughter.

Wherefore, it is submitted that, if our barbarous prize laws were so amended that all prizes should go to the government, there would be a fund for insurance of the marine irrespective of any indemnity to be exacted from the enemy as condition of peace. So much strengthens the policy herein advocated; and to still further support its justice, attention is called to privateering. So long as a government fails to protect its mercantile marine, privateering is not only right, but necessarily so. If an enemy capture my ship and the government will not indemnify me, the least it can do is to grant to me a letter of reprisal to recoup for myself. Every coast state went into the Union on that understanding.

And when, during the Rebellion, England built and equipped Confederate cruisers to prey upon our commerce, our historical and legitimate recourse was to issue letters of marque and reprisal to the grieved ship owners to recoup them for their losses from the merchant marine of England. Our right to this was reserved from the treaty of the powers in Paris in '56, and was, after the war, in

effect fully adjudicated in our behalf at Geneva.

In our failure to do it, England escaped the greatest disaster that ever threatened her; and our commerce, not hers, was destroyed.

But Abraham Lincoln was not just like other men, and a passing tribute to him is always relevant. Least of all was he like a conqueror. He never unnecessarily destroyed anybody or anything. He made his greatest speech, the greatest any triumphant ruler ever made, in a graveyard, where he met the living and bereaved to tell them why their dead were there, and it was adequate. His memory is not reproached if it be said that his nature was not such as to hurry him in the issuance of licenses to private citizens to carry on uncontrolled war as guerillas of the sea.

Still the argument remains unanswerable: if his own government will not allow a despoiled ship owner to retaliate, it is its duty to insure him and retaliate in his right.

(In the draft of the bill submitted for such insurance, there were, of course, provisions for prudence, the prevention of frauds, and the promotion of defence—such as that, in time of war, the President should declare from time to time what waters were open for commerce and wherein the insurance should protect; and that if the ship carried a gun or two in the service of which her men were exercised and so made what defence she could before capture, the insurance should be increased, this not only that the losses might not be aggravated by supine or fraudulent surrenders, but also that some training for naval warfare by all our seamen might be encouraged.)

The only objection urged to the proposed measure was that the argument went too far and would include national protection or insurance of all private property as against public enemies, and the question was why the merchant

marine should be thus distinguished for favor.

It is to be remembered that the merchant marine is not now so distinguished, but rather for the reverse. If any private property of a citizen, except ships, be taken by a public enemy and recaptured, the private title reverts undivided and unimpaired. Not so his ship. The recaptors in his own country take her as a prize, a result which would not be tolerated in respect of the title to a farm anywhere in the civilized world. And indeed if the writer's argument be thought to run to the length of national insurance of all property damaged or lost by a public enemy, he would not balk at that conclusion. National organization means just that: That the strength of all is pledged to the protection of the life and liberty of each and of the property of each in the Commonwealth as against a common enemy.

But, assuming that the insurance proposed discriminates in behalf of the merchant marine. The answer is that there are reasons for it which are also reasons for still further extending temporarily the favor, even to subsidy.

(2) *The second remedy for the restoration of our merchant marine is subsidy*

The merchant marine of the United States should be temporarily subsidized.

First: Not primarily as by a parental government fostering an infant industry under a protective tariff, but as a government makes restoration to the most potent industry in the world after it had been destroyed by or in behalf of the government. As hereinbefore stated,

Second: There should be subsidy so that American ships may carry American products, manufactured and agricultural, into all the markets of the world at as low freight rates as the subsidized ships of other countries carry competing products from other lands into the same

markets. This is understood in the mere statement of it.

And third and finally: The merchant marine of the United States should be distinguished above and favored or subsidized more than all other forms of property:—

Because the expansion or growth of our country depends upon it certainly; and the national life again, as once before, may depend upon it not improbably, and the dominancy of the sea may depend upon it possibly; that is, these things depend concretely upon a navy to be augmented at will by auxiliary or volunteer fleets and upon fortified coaling stations abroad, neither of which we can have or afford without a large, first-class and profitable merchant marine. To appreciate this, only brief consideration of conditions as they exist is necessary.

In 1856, on the close of the Russo-Russian war, there was the treaty of Paris of March in that year, to which was afterward, in April, appended a declaration in which the various signing powers agreed to abstain from privateering. The United States did not go into that covenant. Prussia did; but, in the Franco-Prussian war, of 1870, Prussia substantially broke the spirit of the covenant in this: she abided by the text, but immediately organized out of her merchant marine and introduced an auxiliary or volunteer fleet to aid her regular navy. Everybody saw through the device; and all have been quick to prepare to adopt it, that is, practically all except the United States.

In time of war auxiliary or volunteer navies are to take the place of privateers. So that to-day no nation, none of the great powers, can carry on war without an auxiliary volunteer navy. We are not going to return to privateering. We are not going to issue letters of marque and reprisal to private ships to destroy foreign commerce, but we are going to take those ships which might otherwise

be privateers and commission them as parts of the auxiliary volunteer fleets. Spain and the United States scrambled for the last sixty days before the late war to see what they could get hold of the most suitable. The resources of both countries in this respect were practically exhausted.

But in addition to the use of private ships for a volunteer navy, there are few who appreciate the draft which a modern war makes upon a country's merchant marine and shipyards. In the war of the Rebellion the United States made use of 1,450,000 tons of shipping, and that war was not against a maritime power either. Out of that whole amount there were before and during the war constructed by the government 280,000 tons. Eleven hundred and seventy-five thousand tons came from private shipyards. So of marine engines. We manufactured here in Washington two marine engines, but we bought 175 from private manufacturers. To carry on that war, required more than all our present tonnage on the Great Lakes—a tonnage not exceeded by the whole merchant marine to-day of but four or five countries—nineteen per cent of it was built by government and eighty-one per cent in private yards. These yards must be maintained by affording constant employment of skill in the construction of vessels.

The position taken by the United States for refusing to subscribe to the declaration appended to the treaty of Paris was right theoretically, to wit, that war should not be made upon private property at all. The United States would not agree to abstain from privateering until that proposition should be recognized.

It will be a long time before we can bring the world into accord with that view; probably never. It is probably a mistake, so far as commerce is concerned. The trend is the other way.

No great nation, without availing of its merchant marine, can conquer another; neither can another with a good merchant marine left unmolested be conquered.

This is not true of any other property.

It is substantially true of the merchant marine.

And in it there is perhaps the germ of the unification of all nationalities or at least the combination of some in vast trusts or alliances.

In the opening century, more than in the close of the last, the dominancy of the world appears to be on the sea, where the comparatively inconsiderable nations without much merchant marine or navy, can hope for safety only in the protection of the strong.

As for the United States, it cannot command the service of a single ship from the merchant marine as of right.

It cannot be said that we can have a large merchant marine available in time of war without the government "mixing up" in it, because it isn't true and all other countries recognize the peculiarities of this transitory property and do "mix up."

Whether the United States can take an American ship by right of eminent domain may or may not be free from doubt; it won't get the chance.

On declaration of war between the United States and any of the great powers, every ship we have worth taking for an auxiliary navy would seek the protection of a neutral flag—certainly so if we have no such national insurance as is hereinbefore proposed, and even that would not retain them under our flag in a trading service where actual deliveries and not insurance is desired.

The only way to secure a first-class merchantman for troop ship, coal and other supply purposes in time of war is to obtain the right by contract in consideration of subsidy in time of peace.

But there is one more consideration

which to the mind of the writer is more important than any of the rest.

A modern battleship is neither a lion nor a lobster, but it has points of similarity to both.

The one has great strength but he can't run half a mile; the other is well protected but has no interior strength, not a bone in his body—it's all on the outside.

A battleship measures thousands of tons in displacement, but comparatively nothing in net tons capacity. She can't steam to any great distance and remain or fight at the end of her voyage without coal.

So in the merchant service: large sailing ships can carry cheaply on long voyages but steamships can carry economically only between frequent coaling station.

In short, both the navy and the merchant marine can do nothing without fortified coaling stations all over the world.

Who is to build and maintain these?

There is but one answer and it is in the stupendous folly of an undertaking on the part of the government to do it for the use of a navy alone. And yet for foreign prestige and actual power one fortified coaling station in the Mediterranean would be worth all the Philippines and half our battleships beside.

But these stations can be procured only in peace if at all, and they can be supported by their usefulness to a merchant marine alone.

This is enough, perhaps too much, but the endeavor was to cover the field at least with suggestion. No industry of peace has been so brave and enterprising, so sustaining to governments at all times, and so distributive of blessings and intelligence as the merchant marine service; and yet it has been the most neglected and abused of all, especially in America. A merchant marine never rebels, it formulates no classes, organizes no conspiracies, never strikes, incites no

riots, breeds no anarchists, takes part in no politics, knows no north or south, no east or west, seeks peace everywhere, and yet is the most loyal and efficient of all in war, wherein it also perishes.

It is booty abroad and prize at home.

It is denied protection by its own government and deprived of the right of personal retaliation for the wrongs done to it by others.

It is not doubted that the life of the nation was dependent on our merchant marine in the late Civil war, wherein that service received a blow from which it not only never recovered, but under which it has been sinking ever since. For years, all imported material necessary for its reconstruction was subjected to duties prohibitive of American competition in building, and to this day, American registration is denied to ships purchased from other nations. This goes to such an extent that since congress last assembled and refused to pass the Ship Subsidy bill, millions of American money have notoriously gone abroad for investment in the merchant marine of other countries, in ships to be sailed under their flags, and to compose auxiliary fleets to their navies even in wars against the United States.

No conscientious man can deny that however bright the page of republican history may be, there is one blotch upon it which dims the lustre of all.

That party found the American merchant marine at the head of the world, used it that the government itself might not perish, and destroyed it. This is said not in partisan resentment but because that party only asks to have its wrongs pointed out in order to right them.

Wherefore, the American merchant marine asks of the government and of the party in power restoration, call it subsidy if you will, but justice or gratitude would be a better name.

It asks insurance against depredations

by public enemies, made possible through the failure of the nation to protect its flag at sea.

It asks these things so that the ship yards may keep skilled labor employed, and that American design and construction in naval architecture may not be lost or surpassed, and so that a merchant marine may be manned, from which a navy may be recruited.

It asks in the name of American manufacture and agriculture that their products may reach the world's markets in safety without adverse discrimination in freight rates; and, specifically, it asks this in behalf of commerce with Australia, a new commonwealth and new continent of high promise and bright future now in its first year of existence, and with which friendly relations now established may lead to mutual peace and reciprocal prosperity for many years to come.

It asks, in the name of the navy itself, that a subsidized merchant marine may be created so that it cannot be sold abroad, and whose profits in peace will sustain the navy for protection and augment its power with auxiliary volunteer fleets in war.

And so that there may be coaling sta-

tions to supply our battleships in every sea, maintained in peace from the trade and profits of our merchant marine.

It asks in the name of all people that there may be diffusion throughout the world of the blessings of every part.

It asks, because every other great nation grants at least part of these requests to its own merchant marine.

And because an American merchant marine cannot be built and sailed without subsidy in competition with the merchant marine of other countries subsidized.

It asks, for that the United States may have at least position if not dominancy in the arena of the sea, if the future has in store a great contest or compromise there to be settled.

For which last reason, and for all preceding reasons at all times, the American merchant marine asks recognition as a special and peculiar class of property and service on which the welfare and existence of the nation largely depend.

So that, as a protection to friends and a warning to enemies, there may be constantly repeated, in a larger and more comprehensive sense than when Themistocles taught it to Athens, and until it becomes a motto of the Republic:

"Our ships are our country."





WHAT a flood of memories was awakened in the meeting of the McKinley Memorial Association in Washington. After the commissioners had conferred they marched down the stairs at the Arlington hotel two and two, headed by Judge Day, William McKinley's close friend and neighbor, secretary of state during the trying Spanish war times, and Senator M. A. Hanna. There were ex-Secretary Bliss, H. C. Payne, Senator Fairbanks; Judge Lynch, an old Canton friend, ex-Secretary D. B. Francis, Secretary Cortelyou, and a score of others closely identified with the late President.

It was decided, after conference with Secretary Gage, Commissioner McFarland, Thomas F. Walsh and Harry Bulkley, to have the popular subscriptions all go toward a monument at the place where the President is buried—at the old home to which he was so tenderly attached—and then memorialize congress for the proposed arch at Washington. This meeting was the final word which has greatly stimulated popular interest in the Memorial. Now every individual American can contribute toward a suitable remembrance of the martyr president, and there are few who will not give their mite and so make the monument what he would have wished it—a tribute

from all the people. If you have not subscribed, do so at once; so that the work can be pushed and show the enduring love and admiration of a nation toward the beloved McKinley.

* * *

SECRETARY Cortelyou, with Judge Day, will publish a life of William McKinley. It will be an exhaustive and authoritative work and will be done with the usual care and thoroughness of the collaborators, who are particularly qualified for the work, because of their intimate association with the late President during the trying times when the map of the nation was changed, and an epoch passed in our national destiny. The date of publication has not been announced, as no painstaking or effort will be spared to make it an exhaustive and comprehensive biography that will remain a standard of reference for future generations.

* * *

HOW difficult and incomprehensible at first seems the score of an intricate piece of new music? The heavy black bars and groups of rapid runs of sixteenths or dotted thirty-seconds appear forbidding, until relieved by a gentle, round-faced, white-haired half note with a tie and *rallentando* breathing spell.

But after the hours of patient dig-

ging note by note and diligent practice, the runs are fixed in the finger memory, and then how simple it all seems! The score of grand opera at first is appalling to ordinary musicians as they read the lines and follow the gyratic *recitandos* and dazing voice hurdle leaps, even going beyond the standard octave jump, which the ordinary singer uses as a foil to catch a key, or keep the tones within ear favor. Then they dash away on the *allegretto* with as little indifference to the difficult passages as if enjoying a drawing room conversation. And yet, do you realize what hours, months, aye, years of drudgery, were endured to perfect these few passing moments of operatic rendition. It is so in life's undertakings. The score of a task at first seems unsingable and unplayable, but mastered bar by bar, the fingers or voice soon catch the composer's intent—and then put on the pedals—we wonder that it should have seemed so difficult. And yet the next score has its perplexities—that is, if we are progressing—until we feel a confidence in our own mastery that we are able to transmit to others in some form or other. You will pardon this digression I know, for I like to linger over these bits of every-day philosophy. And I think that any one who has studied music even in the slightest degree, will agree that there is nothing compared to the wholesome satisfaction of mastering a new piece and looking for others. So it is in every-day duties. Now what is more fitting for the opening month of the New Year for readers and publisher, than to pledge a token of friendly interest in each other as we take up the new duties of 1902? We will master the score month by month of popular appreciation for a distinctive American magazine and we start in January with all pedals set.

* * *

HOW little we realize what any success costs. When I am compelled to

screw myself down to a chair in a hotel room and write, I envy these sociable beings in offices and parlors who seem to have nothing to do. And yet, when my work is done and I go down among them with the conscientiousness of a boy who has "filled the woodbox," I find them yearning for something "to kill time." How the moments will slip away in the little nothings of life. How much delight and pleasure is furnished by even a few moments of this yawning-time, in a letter home—no matter how hastily scrawled. In a carefully preserved collection, scrawlingly, hastily written, dated from nearly every town where a traveling son visited, a mother's heart was delighted in hearing "every day" from her boy, reflecting all his words and impressions in a way that no purely literary effort could equal. A letter expresses more than we think—not the dictated typewritten one—but those letters, brief bits that reflect the confidence and courage; then the buoyant hopes and the blasted expectations. It is the expression of real life and individuality that we like, and if I could only impress boys and girls with how much the little thoughtfulness in a letter home means, and what a satisfaction it is in after years when the light in those dim, kind eyes has gone out, I am sure there would be more letters home.

* * *

ANDREW CARNEGIE, one of the greatest little sons of one of the greatest little countries in all the world, and that's Auld Scotia, has joined the list of university founders. He has won undisputed leadership as a builder of free libraries. Now he aspires to a place in the list made glorious by the names of Harvard, Peabody, Rockefeller, Pearsons, Vanderbilt and others whose names you will recall but whom we cannot bring to mind just now. A noble ambition, truly. Mr. Carnegie at first proposed to give \$10,000,000 of steel

trust stock to a board of regents, to be organized by act of congress, and to be named, either by Mr. Carnegie himself or by President Roosevelt. This great sum was to be held in trust for fifty years, only the income to be devoted to the special scientific investigation and explorations which the donor wishes to encourage. The income from this stock would be \$500,000 a year, and in his letter to the President Mr. Carnegie offered to guarantee that the income should never fall below this sum. His estate should be bound to make up any deficiency that might arise through possi-

ble disaster to the United States Steel Corporation.

"But," said certain senators, "this means official sanction of the Steel Trust, and we never can give that." So the President put aside for the time his plan to send congress a special message recommending acceptance of the gift. It is now expected that Mr. Carnegie will turn the steel stock into cash or government bonds and renew the offer. Everybody praises the spirit of the gift and nobody will have the least objection to its acceptance, we suppose, when the offer is amended as proposed.



A Tribute from France to America

M. Edouard Lance's "Ode a la Amerique"

[Editor's Note:—The following is a very free translation of M. Edouard Lance's poem read by the author on the occasion of the inauguration of the American pavilion at the Paris Exposition in 1901.

THIS day Columbia and France entwine
Their memories—this day their glories
shine

In one broad Commonweal;
Behold two lands in Liberty made one,
Behold the work in Freedom's service
done,
Set with our sign and seal!

Once saw we at this century's early dawn
The curtains of a blacker past withdrawn,
And o'er a bright expanse
Two banners floated—now they float
anew,
Columbia's hope, the Red and White
and Blue,
And ours, the Pride of France.

Why are your eyes with silence sealed
and set,
Your words unheard, Rochambeau, La-
fayette?
Your work behold!

The embers of a Liberty you lit—
Lo, kings are shaken with amaze at it,
And tyranny grows old!

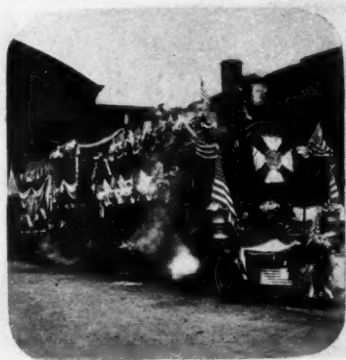
We both have won, through blood, and
gloriously
The priceless boon we fought for,
Liberty,
That was your Washington's;
We gave to you the Bastille's blood-
stained key,—
Let it be sacred for posterity
To all your myriad sons!

Under these flags new triumphs shall be
won,
Under this haughty shield we shall
march on,
With close united hands
For Liberty—God grant for its defence
The shield of His Almighty Providence,
To men of all the lands!

Joseph Dana Miller

PICTURED EPISODES OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S LAST GREAT "SWING AROUND THE CIRCLE," SHOWING HIM IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES

At the mines in Arizona, at a meeting in Texas, where Governor Sayers sat on his right, and on the decks of vessels at St. Louis and New Orleans. The last picture shows how Californians decorated the locomotive that drew his train.



A HISTORIC CEREMONY: BREAKING GROUND FOR THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

President David R. Francis of the Exposition Company is the man behind the shovel. The silk-hatted gentleman behind Mr. Francis is F. J. V. Skell, director of exhibits.

